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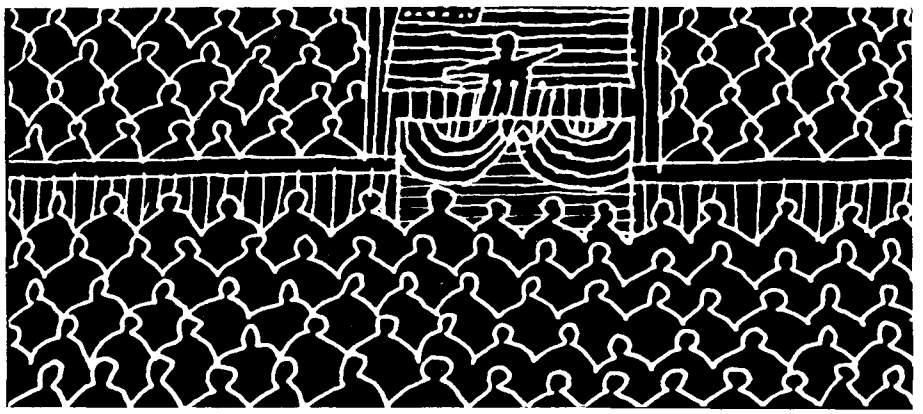

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THE ELECTIONS

Walter Dean Burnham

RHODESIA AND THE ARCHBISHOP

J. M. Cameron

FIVE DECREES

Gregory Baum

DEAD END IN PORTUGAL

Janio Nabuco

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NEWS & VIEWS

Santiago Alvarez, writing in World Marxist Review, *"Theoretical and Information Journal on Communists and Workers' Parties":*

"The Catholics are our main allies today in the struggle against Franco. This is a fact. It is perhaps the most characteristic and encouraging feature of the Spanish scene today. . . .

"It originated in the intensification of the struggle of the working class and especially as a result of the joint actions in which Communists and Catholics participated beginning with the end of the 50's. The support accorded the working-class struggle by the Workers' Brotherhood of Catholic Action during the strike movement of 1962 aggravated relations between the Church and the government. This process of rapprochement between Catholics and Communists has quickened in recent months. . . .

"The Catholic Church, envisaging the collapse of the Franco regime is, consequently, gradually disengaging itself so as not to be engulfed with it when the crisis comes. But whatever the ulterior motives, the fact is that this attitude benefits the democratic movement. What is even more significant, perhaps, is that we are witnessing a deep-going process, one in which efforts are now being made to renovate the Church in Spain and to effect a radical change. . . .

"The objective conditions which have led many working people to lose faith in religion have created a new frame of mind among Catholics. They frequently now turn to the past, to early Christianity. But unlike two thousand years ago, when Christianity taught that salvation would only come in the other world, after death, now growing numbers of believers are fighting, without renouncing this salvation, for a paradise on earth.

"The struggle is also teaching revolutionary Marxists a great deal. In contrast to previous years, the religious beliefs of workers are no longer considered an obstacle to their participation in the struggle. . . .

"Catholic and the Church itself may accept our statements with varying degrees of confidence, but for all that the changing reality should be borne in mind. . . ."

•

From an interview with Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh:

Q. Do you find the Council results to date satisfactory?

A. I would hope not. Louis Untermeyer once prayed that God would keep him, above all else, unsatisfied. The Christian should be the first to share this prayer; precisely because of his love for the Church, he will remain unsatisfied by any progress the Church makes, however great.

•

Several weeks ago, Bernard Fall wrote a sobering account of the destruction being wrought in Vietnam, including the following: "Indeed, as many an informed observer in Saigon will concede, what changed the character of the Vietnam war was not the decision to bomb North Vietnam, not the decision to use American ground troops in South Vietnam, but the decision to wage unlimited aerial warfare inside the country at the price of literally pounding the place to bits."

Air Force and Space Digest, a source of non-stop heartburn, quoted this passage with wide-eyed admiration. And under the headline "Airpower Comes Through."

•

"The Church can survive criticism, but it is doubtful whether the bishop can survive silence."

—Archbishop Hallinan of Atlanta

•

Roger Smith, writing on the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in the Washington, D.C., student magazine Stimulus:

"Architecture fans can find almost any style they like or dislike somewhere in the Shrine. The style, according to the guide book, is contemporary with Romanesque and Byzantine influences. Hence gargoyles were ruled out, even though they would probably enhance the total effect. The over-all style of the Shrine was once called Japanese Gothic, and now in the post-Beatles era 'Grotty.'

"The important feature of the Grotty style of architecture is arranging the elements of the building so that everything conflicts with everything else, thus giving a dynamic aura to the whole deal. To start at the top, the dome should be the center of attention when the Shrine is viewed from the great outdoors. However, the Knights of Columbus came up with a million dollars and the Shrine fathers decided to add a bell tower, which might have made a good secondary center of attention if it were possible to approach the Shrine in such a way that the tower did not stick out first. A photographer from National Geographic once found such an approach. It is a quarter profile of the back from a helicopter.

"The main thing about the Shrine, in the identical words of several Catholic University students, is that 'It's there.' Some said it with regret, others with resignation, but they all said it. And indeed the Shrine is there. What is more, it is going to stay there, no matter what anybody says."

Mr. Smith's article, nothing if not scholarly, was printed with a set of disinterested and illuminating footnotes, including this one:

"(Special to *Stimulus* magazine:) Reliable sources have revealed that on or about April 31, 1965 a miracle occurred in the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. The report indicates that during the 4002nd response to a novena, an apparition came to Fr. Patrick Smirnoff. The vision of the Blessed Virgin is reported to have commanded the Rev. Smirnoff, 'Build me a beautiful church.' Responded the prelate, 'Where, Heavenly Mother?' 'Right here,' she replied."

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

"The Secular City"

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I was really amazed at the summary way in which Daniel Callahan dismissed the theology of the volume *The Church and the World* in favor of the religionless Christianity of Bonhoeffer and Cox ["The Secular City," Sept. 17]. He seems to fail to appreciate that while there is some overlapping there is also a necessary distinction in pairs of realities such as the Church and the world, the love of God and the love of man, the sacred and secular, contemplation and action, etc.

It is to be granted that in the past some theology in the Church has emphasized the first element in these combinations to the neglect of the second. Now that the second is coming to the fore we must not crush the first as religionless Christianity tends to do or dichotomize the two. It is a matter of seeing them as distinct but intimately related aspects of human life.

SISTER TERESA MARY, C.S.C.

Bonhoeffer and the Jews

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: Harvey Cox's article, "Beyond Bonhoeffer?" [COMMONWEAL, Sept. 17], specifically his references to Bonhoeffer's role in the anti-Nazi struggle, requires some elucidation from a Jewish point of view.

I have, at this time, no desire to enter into a discussion of theological problems thrown up by Bonhoeffer. I certainly do not wish to denigrate the person or the fate of Bonhoeffer in any way: his self-sacrifice and his sensitivity are beyond cavil.

Nonetheless, as a matter of historical record, Bonhoeffer's attitude toward Nazism, Jews, and Judaism must be clearly understood. Even this rare, courageous Christian's attitude is, from the Jewish point of view, quite dubious – to put it mildly. Cox's claim that he

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JUSTICE IN THE SOUTH

At this point in the struggle for Negro civil rights, the South holds few surprises. The consistent failure of Southern white juries to convict in cases of rights violations is no exception. The rule of law can bear just so much weight, and it is truly amazing that it operates at all in some areas. For this we can be grateful, if not gratified. And it is on this tenuous fabric that we must work a stronger, more durable weave; either that or a thorough-going use of armed force, by which much will be lost.

Yet even Attorney General Katzenbach, who spoke of the acquittals as the "price we must pay for the jury system," must appreciate that his statement is nobler in the abstract. In the concrete, it is not he, nor many of us, who are paying a price, except perhaps that of embarrassment. Rather, it is civil rights workers in the South who live with the fearful knowledge that no law stands between them and a potential murderer; Negroes who would walk upright except that they would suffer the fate of "uppity niggers," and, need it be said, the next victim of racial violence, whoever he or she may be.

If there is justice in this world, any future claims to greatness the Johnson Administration has will not lie in the "consensus" it achieves, but in the courage of its conviction that deep and sweeping social reforms are necessary in this country. The federal government does not have a monopoly on the civil rights fight, nor do the Negroes and white students who battled for them in this country, nor does the United States alone. Human rights are today part of the international scene. It is in this context that federal action must be judged, and in which its delay in forcefully applying the civil rights laws must be justified. Delay for the sake of consensus might be justified if it were a matter of saving lives, or more

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accurately, if it were *not* a matter of saving lives. As things stand, we don't know what the matter is, unless, possibly, the President still hopes to salvage the white Democratic party in the South.

Up to now, the Justice Department has justified its timidness in forcefully intervening in the South on the grounds that it would raise grave Constitutional issues, possibly lead to a national police force, discourage local authorities, and strain federal manpower. For the most part, these are bogeys that have failed to prevent federal action in the past; they all contain the justifying grain of truth, but now with the results in, and the recent strong recommendations of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, we can expect to hear little more of them.

For what the Commission recommends in the way of providing more federal protection for Negroes and civil rights workers in the South is very welcome news indeed. It wants the President to send more federal officers to racial trouble spots and to authorize them to make on-the-spot arrests. It also urges the enactment of legislation making it a federal crime to threaten, intimidate or punish persons involved in civil rights activity.

Until now, federal agents have confined themselves to merely observing and reporting incidents. Despite the increase in their numbers over the past two years, they have tended to remain close to headquarters; they have failed to initiate the normal police techniques of extensive investigation, surveillance, patroling and other preventive measures. Presumably all this will change.

Of equal importance is the legislative proposal, backed up, as it is, by other recommendations that would tend to create more racially balanced juries. The latter are coming to be recognized as perhaps the most critical area in the whole Southern legal machinery. Recently, in the second Wilkins trial, Alabama's Attorney General sought unsuccessfully to challenge the all-white jury "for cause": to wit, the members' belief in the inferiority of the victim. In the federal system he might have been successful.

But with everything said, nothing here bars repetitions of the Wilkins and Coleman acquittals. Yet the Commission's report points in the right direction, for what it really asks for is relentless prosecution, which will surely yield some results, including perhaps an occasional conviction. This will at least place doubts in the minds of racists now certain of easy acquittal. Few may care to risk those doubts, and perhaps Southerners too will eventually tire of being participants in parodies of justice.

ALUMINUM CRISIS

The aluminum crisis was about as inevitable as the Christmas shopping season. Even the apparent bungling of the job, the vacillation between giving in and getting tough, was largely caused by the aluminum industry's refusal to take a hint. Sooner or later, President Johnson had to show he really means business with the wage-price guidelines, or give up the economics of the Great Society altogether. We can be thankful that he opted to do it sooner.

This was the time to act. The economic gains of the last few years have been measured against a base when much of the country's industrial capacity was going unused. Thanks in large measure to the government's policy of stimulating demand, that slack has now been taken up. Industry is operating at 90 percent of capacity. With demand pressing on supply, the danger of inflation is considerable. The government has realized that the economy is entering a new, tightrope phase, and that maintaining the delicate balance between expansion and price stability means that past laxness about the wage-price guideposts will no longer do.

Business knows this too. One can be sure that had Johnson acted to enforce a non-inflationary wage settlement on some union, those businessmen crying today of "industrial blackmail" would no doubt be congratulating the President for his sound policy. There have been, of course, worse offenders against the guideposts than aluminum; but nonferrous metals are particularly crucial at the moment, what with arms spending and political events in Chile and Rhodesia putting pressure on the price of copper, aluminum's biggest competitor.

Not only does the President's lightweight "steel crisis" mark a new stage in the economy, it probably marks a new stage in the much-discussed relationship between the business community and the Administration. That relationship has been an extraordinarily friendly one. At moments, the war between business and the federal government, which stretches back at least to the Depression, seemed to have disappeared entirely. The ingredients in the new harmony were many: the President's businesslike, on-the-telephone approach; the requests for "voluntary" restraints in place of statutory measures; the tendency for regulatory commissions to issue warnings rather than to prosecute test cases. On its side, business responded well in the balance-of-payments question and gave little resistance to the clutch of social welfare bills which sped through Congress. A large number of big businessmen even supported a Democrat for president. None of this was done without nervousness and soul-searching. On the one hand was

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the brute fact that the federal government was here to stay, and, furthermore, was doing a remarkable job of guiding the economy. On the other hand was the business tradition, Horatio Alger and all that—a self-image in which cooperation with the government had no place.

President Johnson's intervention has brought out all the old worries. Business may have second thoughts about voluntary restraints—especially in the crucial area of balance of payments policy. Yet Commerce Department forecasts suggested that these voluntary restraints were no longer succeeding in limiting overseas investment anyway. By demonstrating a willingness to throw federal weight around, Johnson's action might actually encourage corporations to comply "voluntarily" rather than be hit with new regulations.

The aluminum price rise presented the Administration with a choice between a solid economic policy and business harmony. In the long run, however, a solid economic policy is in the interest of business, too. Will business choose its own economic interests, or mourn for a lost way of life? The Marxists would answer, the former. This time we will go with the Marxists.

NEGRO FAMILY LIFE

Hardly anything is more frustrating to observe than good men arguing about the best way to achieve good ends. Sometimes this can be fruitful; at other times it is merely destructive, serving only to confuse issues and incite needless acrimony. A case in point is the "Moynihan report," published by the Department of Labor and technically known as "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." Writing in these pages on October 15, Herbert J. Gans of the Center for Urban Education called the report "a welcome oasis of hope," and since then Whitney Young, Jr. and Martin Luther King have both echoed the report and pointed to the instability of much Negro family life. That kind of response is hardly indicative of a general acceptance of the report, but it is at least enough to suggest that the report may have been on to something of considerable importance, worthy of further study.

All the more surprising, then, was the inexplicably violent reaction of a group of New York civic and religious leaders, gathered under the auspices of the Protestant Council of New York City. Meeting in preparation for a planning session in Washington on the White House Conference on Civil Rights, the group passed a resolution asking "that the question of 'family stability' be stricken entirely from that agenda . . ." Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, director of the Office of Church and Race of the Protestant Council, argued in a separate paper that the Moynihan report is not only flawed and simplistic, but that it "has already had an impact upon the civil rights movement and upon more general American politics that is quite deadening and utterly misleading."

Frankly, we are baffled, and Dr. Payton's criticisms don't help us to locate the source of his indignation. The basic point of the Moynihan report is that the time has come in which "a national effort towards the problems of Negro Americans must be directed towards the question of family structure." The report did not specify precisely what lines this effort should take; instead, its aim was "to define a problem, rather than proposing solutions to it." Surely this is a modest enough position, an attempt to take a look at the vastly difficult position of the American Negro from a different vantage point, one sensitive to the absolutely crucial role of family life in the welfare of Negroes.

Part of Dr. Payton's annoyance seems to spring from some possibly valid objections to the data used and the way in which the data is read. He points out, for instance, that Negro illegitimacy rates, when compared with white rates, may simply reflect a number of factors tending to hide the actual white rate or to place it in a very different light. He also argues that the evidence of a breakdown in Negro family life may only be a reflection of a broader breakdown in urban family life—or even, beyond that, a breakdown in modern family life.

But other parts of Dr. Payton's criticism seem to be based, so far as we can judge, on a mistaken reading of the report. Moynihan by no means argues that Negroes have been making gains of late; on the contrary, he points out that the relative position of the Negro, in terms of employment and income, has remained static if not deteriorated in the past few years. The report says clearly enough that "The gap between the Negro and most other groups in American society is widening." Nor does Moynihan assert that Negro family instability alone, rather than continuing discrimination, explains the plight of the Negro; or that unemployment is not a major and continuing problem. Instead, he points to the complex interrelationship of employment, education and family stability.

Mistakes of this kind on the part of Dr. Payton are baffling enough, especially since the general body of his thought shows him to be a sensitive and perceptive analyst. But all the more baffling is his desire to see the problem of the Negro family shelved altogether. It is not the only problem, but it is an important one. To systematically ignore it, just at a moment when fresh

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approaches are needed, strikes us as exceedingly strange.

TABLE-THUMPING

Piqued by the presence of only one Catholic on the family-planning panel of the White House Conference on Health, the Catholic bishops' spokesman on matters of family life said he wanted to protest "in the strongest terms possible." He succeeded admirably in reaching his goal. The arrangement, said Monsignor John Knott, was not only "an insult to thousands of Catholic agencies and millions of American citizens," but also "demeaning," "contrary to the American sense of justice," an act of "censorship of the most dangerous kind," and resulting in "a propaganda platform" dominated by (among others) "the promoters of government interference into marital privacy."

If these aren't "the strongest terms possible," we can only be grateful that Monsignor Knott has not been able to think up stronger ones. Is there no other way for Monsignor Knott to say what is bothering him without lapsing back into this depressing rhetoric? Does he really think he is adding anything of general interest to the discussion by simple name-calling?

His words *will* be of interest on Capitol Hill, but only as an expression of Catholic saber-rattling. In their own way, they may have their effect, but at the usual cost of reawakening the vision of the Church as an ordinary pressure group.

Monsignor Knott indeed spoke in these terms. He was particularly exercised that no *official* Catholic representative was present at the meetings, not even considering how it might be reasonable, at a meeting dealing with broad areas of medicine, and health, not to think of inviting religious blocs. Instead he has resorted to table-thumping, and thus forfeits the attention of Americans who might have listened.

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

Unused birthday candles stowed and half-forgotten in a desk drawer guided COMMONWEAL's staff down many flights of stairs and out of the building during New York's blackout. We are not sure of the moral here. Certainly, a saved ball of string would not have sufficed to lower us from the thirteenth story. Outside, the street was dark, filled with amiable shades, and as each of us made our way into the night, only a fraction eventually making it home, there came the inevitable series of discoveries. The neighborhood was also without light, then all of Manhattan, and so on, until it was learned the all-but-impossible reached all the way north into Canada.

Quite honestly, we were appalled, and as mystery envelops the precise nature of the power failure, we feel a growing apprehension about the supposed infallibility of technology. It is nothing ultimate. We shall not forswear the least modern amenity as a result. But the apprehension is bone-deep nonetheless. Fantasy doubtless plays a part. If the bomb momentarily crossed our worried thoughts during the blackout, the serenity that surrounds our Fail-Safe system was not far behind. We wonder, do they ever hold birthday parties down in the missile silos, and might they, by any chance, have a half-used box of candles tucked away somewhere in a drawer?

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FROM BRITAIN

Rhodesia and the Archbishop

Leeds

The respectable and conservative members of the British public, at least those who write letters to *The Times* at the drop of a hat, have had a wonderful time in the last few days. Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, made a statement at the Aberdeen meeting of the British Council of Churches to the effect that if the Government felt it necessary to use force in Rhodesia in the event of a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, "then the Christian conscience would support it." Now, the Church of England, like the Monarchy, is thought by the more naïve supporters of the Conservative party to be peculiarly the property of the Conservatives. Nothing, during the Rhodesian crisis, has more infuriated such people than the spectacle of Mr. Wilson calling on the Queen—*their* Queen—in his capacity as Prime Minister. And now they were confronted with the chief ecclesiastical officer of state—*their* Archbishop—suggesting that the armed force of the British Crown might properly be used against the white minority—usually referred to as "our own kith and kin"—in Rhodesia. Perhaps they have only just come to perceive that the old description of the Church of England as "the Tory party at prayer" no longer quite fits.

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The hypocrisy of all this is pretty obvious. The use of military force against rebels—Arabs, Cypriots and other subject peoples—has been a commonplace of British policy for more than a hundred years, the repression of the rebellious Irish was a British occupation for centuries; and such activities have rarely come under the censure of conservative Anglicans. There is no trace in the letters to *The Times,* and in the other expressions of public indignation against Dr. Ramsey, of the slightest awareness of an inconsistency here. The Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments are brandished under Dr. Ramsey's nose by persons who on no other occasion have thought them relevant to policy. These expressions are cries of pain and of outrage before two facts: that the Archbishop has taken the side of the black majority in Rhodesia; and that the Church of England is no longer in the pocket of the Tory party.

There have been other, more bizarre, demonstrations of hostility to Dr. Ramsey. Canterbury Cathedral and York Minster have been sacrilegiously daubed with paint—just imagine what would have been said had this been the work of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—and white Rhodesians have been organizing the burning of Bibles, the ashes to be sent to Dr. Ramsey for (presumably) penitential purposes. Plainly, the Archbishop has touched a number of sensitive areas. Of course, he is commonly misrepresented as having *advocated* the use of force. This is not so. He left it to the Government to decide the wisdom of this, simply pointing out that if in their judgment it was necessary to use force they deserved the support of Christians.

The Guardian, often rather waspish in its comments on things Catholic, pointed out (November 1) that four years ago the Catholic bishops in Southern Rhodesia said much harsher things about white minority rule than Dr. Ramsey has ever said. It quoted from their pastoral letter: "The apostle of racial justice is as lonely and suspect as the missionary who deals with primitive people who are the slaves of ancient tribal taboos. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God is thought fit for one section of the community only but not for all, and the implications of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ are deemed reasonable enough as long as they do not interfere with the accepted social and economic structure. . . . The doctrine of racial superiority as taught and practiced by many in this country differs little in essence from that of the Nazis."

One man who seems not to have been very happy about Dr. Ramsey's pronouncement is the Prime Minister. This had to do, not so much with what was said as with what was made of it—"Archbishop advocates force in Rhodesia" was how the more irresponsible headlined it—and not so much with its being said as with the timing of it. Mr. Wilson had from the beginning made it plain that he was not prepared to enforce a solution in Rhodesia through military action. It is not true that he is in no circumstances prepared to use force; he said in a recent television interview that he would be prepared to use military force if disorder occurred while Britain was still responsible for the colony.

Mr. Wilson has gone to the absolute limit to conciliate Mr. Smith and the white Rhodesians; and has tried to prevail upon the African nationalists to work within, if not the 1961 Constitution, at least within a constitution that would be a fair distance from one founded upon universal suffrage. He has offered to give Rhodesia considerable aid in the matter of education and training programs for Africans. At the time of writing it isn't clear whether or not Mr. Wilson's magnanimity has called forth from Mr. Smith and his party any reasonable reply. It seems unlikely that the Rhodesian Front would be prepared to arrive at any settlement acceptable to either of the British parties.

The hard fact is that, humbugging statements apart, the Rhodesian Front is a racialist party determined to run Rhodesia in the interests of the white minority. It doesn't object to dropping a few crumbs from time to time for the consumption of the African majority; but it is determined to keep Rhodesia "a white man's country" for the indefinite future. No constitutional guarantees, no matter how solemnly they may be agreed to, are worth the paper they are written on once the Smith Government has independence. The experience of the "entrenched clauses" of the South African Constitution has surely made this plain to the merest political infant.

Of course, the great mystery is this: Southern Rhodesia is already a racialist state in which the powers of the police are greater than those of the judiciary; why, then, does the Rhodesian Front want an independence which would not bring about even a trifling increase in their actual power? If a UDI is proclaimed, then there will certainly be severe economic sanctions and possibly intervention by the U.N. The Rhodesian Front can scarcely want this, though it is not surprising that many nationalists, and possibly Mr. Nkomo himself, see this as a possible desperate line of advance. Mr. Smith and his colleagues seem devoid of that political sense even very bad men often have; they are innocents living in a fantasy; it is the misfortune of all Rhodesians, black and white, that the awakening to reality is now bound to be full of pain. J. M. CAMERON

[UDI was announced by the Rhodesian government on Nov. 11, after Mr. Cameron wrote his report.—Ed.]

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

The Unreformed Church

The trouble with much comment on the Ecumenical Council is not that it is reactionary in nature but that it is superficial or irrelevant. Too many fail to put matters into a historical context. For them *aggiornamento* is simple: such things as avoiding Latinisms in official translations and making ample use of modern devices, from television to jet planes (no simultaneous translation systems inside St. Peter's, though!) will do the trick. The thing is, of course, that this is not enough—not by a long shot. The problem of reform in the Church goes way back, and it is a measure of the difficulty we face in the matter that some cannot bear the very word "reform" but insist instead on saying "renewal."

I am led to these reflections by reading *The Unreformed Church* by Father Robert E. McNally, S.J., of Woodstock (Sheed & Ward, $4.50), soon to be reviewed elsewhere in these pages. This is an excellent book, well able to provide some historical perspective for the Ecumenical Council but not too technical—indeed, my only quarrel with *The Unreformed Church* is that it is only two hundred pages rather than twice that length. Within this limit fascinating historical references are touched only lightly and interesting theological points are left largely undeveloped. Nonetheless, the book makes valuable reading, and I am happy to recommend it.

The point is that the Ecumenical Council is taking the first steps toward a reform that has been needed since before Martin Luther's time. In the expiring Middle Ages the standards of human conduct and moral observance fell low, and the Church failed to assume active leadership in renewal. This was not due, as Father McNally sees it, to bad will or to incompetence. "It is more a question of that peculiarly conservative, ecclesiastical cast of mind which believes that problems, especially critical ones, somehow or other solve themselves, or can be eased by platitudes and slogans." (Would anyone claim that this stricture does not often apply in the Church today?) Popes and emperors, saints and scholars came and went, but the Church remained unreformed.

The Church bears the Christ-image as an indelible character. Nothing can erase this. Yet it can be obscured from the sight of men, and this is what happened in this case. The maternal aspect of the Church yielded to the regal; legalism took over.

The situation of the liturgy by the end of the Middle Ages illustrates the problem. The liturgy is the ordinary means by which the Church sanctifies the faithful. Yet the laity had become primarily onlookers rather than participants. Worship had been reduced to "a series of peculiarly clerical, possibly even meaningless ceremonies."

Lest anyone think these words exaggerated, let me cite a quote provided by Father McNally, taken from a brief of Alexander VII in 1661 on the question of a French translation of the Roman missal: "We have learned with great sorrow that in the kingdom of France certain sons of perdition, itching with novelties detrimental to souls, and despising the laws and practice of the Church, have lately come to such madness as to dare to translate the Roman missal . . . into French . . . and to hand it over to persons of every rank and sex. Thus they have attempted by their rash action to degrade the most sacred rites, to lower the majesty which the Latin language gives to them, and to expose the divine mysteries to the common gaze . . ."

This in the middle of the seventeenth century! As for the Bible, translated not into the vernacular but into Latin, it was "for all practical purposes a closed book. Deprived of a vital, meaningful approach to divine things, the spiritual life of the faithful was not extinguished, but languished and suffered acutely from undernourishment. This suffering, neglected and underfed Church of the late Middle Ages is the unreformed Church, unreformed in four essential areas of her life: the ecclesial, the biblical, the liturgical and the spiritual. And it is shocking to note that the authentic Catholic reform, which more than five hundred years ago was so passionately needed and prayed for, is in many respects coming to fruition only in the Johannine Council of our own day."

This, then, is the central question hovering over Rome today: will the Second Vatican Council accomplish its work of reform? The Council of Trent did great work, but it did not do enough; its failure to approve vernacular editions of Scripture, for example, thanks to the anti-vernacular bloc of Spain and Italy, gave added impetus to the Protestant split and retarded Catholic spiritual development for centuries. In the same way comparable evasions by the Council this time could lead to equally tragic results. This is the hidden danger.

JAMES O'GARA

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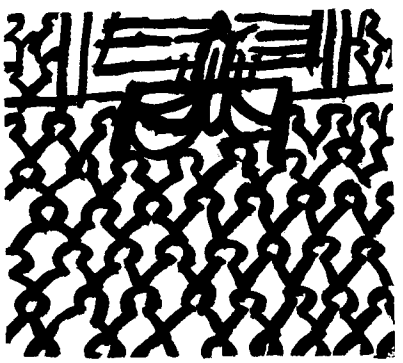
THE ELECTIONS

The Democratic tide is still running strong

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM



Off-off-year elections are rather like the Halloween packages we used to receive when we were younger: bits and pieces of apples, oranges, nuts and other assorted goodies. If even national elections present their difficulties and ambiguities for the analyst, this is still more true of the bits and pieces which make up elections in odd-numbered years.

Yet, as everyone knows, this years' crop was of exceptional interest. One reason for this, no doubt, is that people are trying to assess how severely the Goldwater candidacy last year wrenched the American party system out of its traditional shape. Another is a common desire to consult electoral entrails and tell both public and politicians which kinds of Republicans the voters favor. Finally, a closely-contested mayoralty election in New York City—which after all cast more votes in 1965 than all but eight states did in 1964—is in itself news. Every one of the major ingredients of an exciting election was present there this year. John V. Lindsay's election was not only an impressive personal tribute to him; it necessarily propels him into the front rank of the Republican party's national leadership.

The elections this year represented an unusually clear-cut expression of public opinion about certain very significant matters. In the first place, it is now clear that the big-city Democratic organizations can no longer rely on the traditional mechanisms of party loyalty, "the machine," or close connections with Washington in order to beat somebody with nobody and continue politics as usual. Back in 1959, to everyone's surprise, Boston voters repudiated the organization choice to elect a relative unknown, John F. Collins. Mayor Collins' slogan, which took liberties with his opponent's name, was strikingly effective: "stop power politics." In case this lesson was lost on the chieftains of urban Democratic organizations, this year's results in New York City and Philadelphia should finally have driven it home.

Representative Lindsay's victory over Controller Abraham Beame was the result of a number of factors. One of these may well have been William F. Buckley. It is at least arguable that most of the votes Buckley garnered were not Republican at all, but came from authoritarian-minded lower- and lower-middle class whites of predominantly Roman Catholic background —people who normally have regarded themselves as Democrats, at least on bread-and-butter issues.

Beame, however, was an unattractive candidate when compared with Lindsay—and in an era of personality voting, this is a factor of major importance. The Controller was unable to project an image which could persuade a plurality of voters that he had imagination or vigor. Lindsay could and did. Beyond all this, however, rests a cardinal fact of present-day urban life. A very large percentage of the electorate in our cities is deeply alienated by the usual fare which the urban organizations hand out. Back in 1961 Mayor Wagner found it expedient to don the clothing of the knight in shining

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armor and attack "the bosses." By 1965, it appears, mere rhetorical gestures were no longer enough. Indeed, if we assume that both the Buckley and the Lindsay vote were cast against "politics as usual," the repudiation assumes massive proportions: Beame won but 40.6% of the three-candidate vote.

Philadelphia Story

Conditions were similar in Philadelphia. Reform Democracy—"nice while it lasted," in the phrase of a recent scholarly study—has been "out" ever since Richardson Dilworth resigned as mayor to run for governor in 1962. The city administration has reverted to the usual group of traditional lackluster politicians. Not surprisingly, there has been a good deal of scandal unearthed recently. A liberal Democrat, Arlen Specter, resigned from the office of incumbent District Attorney James Crumlish to run against him as a Republican. Ostensibly the race was for that post, but observers of the Philadelphia scene have suggested it was really a referendum on Mayor Tate's administration as a whole. Significantly, Senator Joseph S. Clark refused to endorse or campaign for Crumlish, and the A.D.A. actively worked for Specter.

In the end, Specter defeated Crumlish, winning 53% of the vote and almost all of the city's wards not containing a substantial Negro population. In the wake of this election, some Democrats have already insisted that it is now unthinkable that Mayor Tate should run for re-election in 1967, but that is exactly what he proposes to do. If so, a Republican liberal could well carry City Hall two years hence.

It is no secret to anyone that our major cities are in the throes of a desperate crisis involving everything having to do with the quality of human life in them. Marks of deep-seated alienation and cynicism arising from decades of public neglect can be found both in Buckley's 340,000 votes and in a major, just-short-of successful Negro candidacy in Cleveland—not to mention the Watts riots earlier this year. Buckley may not have had much to offer, but at the end he did offer "vision" in an era in which any kind of vision, relevant or irrelevant, is in critically short supply.

It is of course possible to imagine that at long last the American political system and its leadership will take the massive steps necessary to cope seriously and intelligently with the problems of living together in our expanding conurbations. If so, it is quite conceivable that the price tag for the social overhead capital investment involved will be quite high—annual appropriations equal, say, to those for the defense budget.

In the meantime, the voters can be expected to toss and turn this way and that, like a man in the grip of a nightmare, until leadership which is willing and able to deal with their problems finally emerges. The municipal elections of 1965 tend to confirm the impression of 1964 that American politics is moving into a time of troubles.

The second major implication of this year's elections is that—in the Northeast at any rate—the electorate has decisively repeated its clear-cut choice between liberal and right-wing Republicans. In fact, the results leave the distinct impression that the more liberal the Republican is, the better are his chances of victory against old-line Democratic organization candidates. Furthermore, a Republican like Lindsay enters office completely unencumbered by any obligations to the far right.

1964 in Miniature

The New Jersey race complements the Lindsay victory. In that state, Republican Wayne Dumont—actively abetted, of course, by that undying Old Soldier of the political wars, Richard M. Nixon—waged his whole campaign not against Governor Hughes but against Rutgers history professor Eugene D. Genovese. As a natural result of these McCarthyite tactics, this was the most bitterly emotional state campaign in New Jersey's modern history. It was, in a way, a replay in miniature of the 1964 election: the right-wing Republican "morality candidate" running against "Communism," confronting an incumbent who represented a broad range of moderate-to-liberal opinion. It would be interesting to speculate as to the reasons why so many so-called "conservatives" in American politics are so remarkably insensitive to the First Amendment, but it is enough here simply to report—or reiterate—that fact.

The result of the New Jersey campaign was also a "little 1964." Governor Hughes won in a landslide plurality of more than 350,000 votes—the largest in the history of gubernatorial elections in this traditionally evenly-balanced state. Hughes not only carried 15 of the state's 21 counties, but swept Democrats into a better than two-to-one control of both houses of the state legislature—the first such complete Democratic victory since 1913.

In politics as in physics, it seems, for every action there appears to be an equal and opposite reaction: as in the nation in 1964, so in New Jersey in 1965. The events of the last two years have reduced the Republican party in New Jersey to wreckage. Bankrupt, demoralized, deeply divided between Dumont's right wing and Senator Case's left wing, the New Jersey

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G.O.P. has ridden compulsive ideology to its own ruin—and this in a state which, until a decade ago, was predominantly Republican in its political preferences. This impresses this observer as an entirely fitting conclusion to Dumont's campaign.

The Virginia gubernatorial election represents another variation on this general theme of continuity, but with special features which put it into quite a separate category. The voters' choices here were unusually broad for any American state election, let alone for Virginia. The Democratic candidate, Lieutenant Governor Mills Godwin, was of course the candidate of the Byrd organization—but with a difference. The rapid expansion of the state's voting base, especially the addition of thousands of Negroes to the voting rolls, has worked a wondrous transformation in this most durable of all state organizations.

It has often been said that the chief criterion of a ruling elite's fitness to rule is its capacity to adapt to changing circumstances and thus remain on top of the situation. On these grounds the Virginia Democratic organization deserves very high marks indeed. Whether Mr. Godwin's conversion from his ardent interposition stand of a few years ago is the result of inner light or the compulsion of external circumstance is of less importance than the fact that it has occurred. He was backed by a curious combination of traditional county-courthouse organizations, labor, Negroes and liberal elements. On this basis he finished first, although—uniquely for a Democratic nominee—he won less than half of the total vote.

The Republicans fielded a promising candidate in A. Linwood Holton, and waged their most determined campaign since Ted Dalton's 1953 race. It is especially interesting to note that the Virginia Republican organization, unlike most of its counterparts in the South, is not controlled by the far right. Holton's campaign was decidedly moderate in tone on both racial and economic issues. It was this, of course, which prompted William J. Story, an ardent school-closer, to campaign on the Conservative party ticket. Finishing a very bad fourth with only one per cent of the vote was George Lincoln Rockwell, the first known Nazi candidate in any American election.

The election results suggest that in the main the traditional voting patterns of the Old Dominion remain intact. There are still quite a few more Democrats than Republicans in Virginia. The probability is that if the state Democratic organization continues its step-by-step adaptation to the twentieth century, new entrants into the active electorate will preponderantly identify with and vote for the Democratic party.

On the other hand, Story and Rockwell together polled about 15% of the total vote. Most of these votes appear to have been cast by traditional Democrats in Southside Virginia, and it would seem reasonable to suppose that a Goldwaterite G.O.P. nominee would have received most of them. Since the combined Republican-Conservative vote was 51% of the state total, it will probably not be lost on Virginia Republicans that a militant rightist *might* have won the governorship. It is just possible, therefore, that the result of this election might be to bring the Virginia G.O.P. closer into line with the views of most other Southern Republican organizations.

Any Future for the G.O.P.?

What are the over-all implications of the 1965 elections for the future of the Republican party? The first general conclusion is that except for the atypical situations in New York and Philadelphia, the Democratic tide of 1964 is still running quite strongly. The loss of control over the New Jersey legislature in the Hughes landslide was a heavy blow to the G.O.P. Moreover, in Pennsylvania, Democratic candidates were remarkably successful in local contests all over the state. Recent polls suggest that if the 1966 congressional elections were held today, the Democratic candidates would poll an even larger share of the national vote than they did in 1964. The 1965 returns do not cast doubt on these findings.

Secondly, the Republican Party's internal schism is obviously as deep and as wide as ever. Rightist ideology still has a good many of its leaders in its grip. One would have thought, for example, that Nixon and Dumont would have drawn the appropriate conclusions from the 1964 fiasco and left the Red-hunting issue strictly alone. Not so, however—and one is left only to wonder at the obtusity of politicians, even where their own self-interest seems so clearly at stake.

Of course, the public mood could change drastically. No doubt more and more American forces will be poured into Vietnam, which in turn is certain to increase, probably very sharply, the demands of the draft on the community. If the Administration can be tagged with a "no win" policy in an endless Vietnam war, it might be possible to replay the 1950-52 scenario once more and bring the Republican party back into power on a tidal wave of public discontent.

Barring this outcome, however, the immediate future of the G.O.P. looks extraordinarily bleak. The moral of the 1965 tale is there for all to read who wish to look the facts of American politics in the face. If the party

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wants to win a national election under any other conditions than those of public hysteria or semi-catastrophe, it should nominate John V. Lindsay—or someone with a viewpoint and political style similar to his—in 1968. If the party's leadership wants to resume any constructive or significant role in the American political process, it will have to move its whole center of gravity several giant steps to the left. There, and not on the far right, is where the votes are.

But this really amounts to thinking the unthinkable for many, and probably most, Republican leaders. The G.O.P. has been cursed for years by a passion for the politics of nostalgia. The 1964 campaign brought this out into the open in presidential politics for the first time since the 1930's, and it may perhaps be regarded as atypical. But it has been wholly typical of the party that the overwhelming bulk of its congressional delegation has consistently and on principle opposed constructive legislative programs, even those which a large majority of their own party's rank and file favor.

Perhaps the best example of the pervasiveness of an attitude can be found in the massive Republican leadership support for Senator Dirksen's proposal for amending the Constitution. This proposal is a desperate attempt to return the rotten borough to its historic preferred position in the American state legislature. No attempt has been made by most of these leaders to deal constructively with the situation, or to recognize the advantage which could accrue to the party by giving the mushrooming suburbs their due share of legislative seats. No attempt has been made to reconstruct the party's posture so as to recapture its position with metropolitan voters. The reflex in the apportionment debate was typical, all too typical: turn the clock back; enshrine the dead rural past in the Constitution by amending it; don't let the Court take it away. Perhaps the best concise answer to the question, "What is wrong with the Republican party?" is, "the Dirksen amendment."

For every successful candidate like Lindsay or Specter, there are dozens of Republican leaders who opt heart and soul for the nineteenth century. So long as this continues to be so, so long as individualism gone sour and cranky is the model Republican response to the exigencies of a changing world, the G.O.P. will continue to suffer from the political eclipse it has so richly deserved.

But it will not suffer alone. For until it is reconstructed the country at large will be left with two exceptionally poor political alternatives: a flabby, unresponsive one-and-a-half party system in which the functions of constructive, responsible criticism of governmental policy could well atrophy from disuse and social pressure; or a "backlash" triumph of a minority party which, as matters now stand, is not fit to govern. Lindsay's triumph in New York has demonstrated conclusively, one would think, that neither of these alternatives need be the nation's destiny. The choice here is squarely up to the leaders of the Republican party.

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SISTER AGNES, C.S.J.

THREE ACTS OF LOVE

"To write the poem is an act of love."
—Dorothy Sayers, The Mind of the Maker.

1. In the Meadow

We kept our distance, delicately near
as lovers in familiar reverence,
with eyes made holy, open as the hand
that lifts a sacred gift in sacrifice.

Such was the gesture of our bones and flesh
Before the black-eyed-susan and the moth —
lest from the weight of our admiring gaze
we should unbalance with a heavy glance
the lovely dance of butterfly and weed,
the still mobility of autumn love
poised in the self-possession of all giving.

2. In the Garden

Changing and changeless under mobile skies
in the recurring gardens of September
love still creates what we in hope remember:
chrysanthemums are brought to their perfection,
our shadows move toward noon in one direction,
the rose to earth, the earth to rose is given,
the seeds of time grow our continuous heaven
changeless and changing under the mobile skies.

3. Before the Sunflower

Our earth explains the god. Daphne's myth
told ancient Greeks something about Apollo
who made immobile movement of her flight
as proof that gods make fruitful yes or no.
She, his swift love, became the green-boughed laurel.

The myth explaining us explains our God.
Within the daily round like the sunflower
we grow erect and taller than we are
corrected by His light the livelong day,
our motivation in His golden Face.

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FIVE DECREES

GREGORY BAUM

On the 28th of October Pope Paul promulgated five conciliar documents, the decrees on the pastoral office of bishops, on the renewal of religious life, and on seminaries, as well as the declaration on Christian education and on the Church's attitude toward non-Christian religions. On this day the Council was grateful to God that so much had been achieved. On a day like that one is willing to forget the conflicts during the preparation of these documents and disregard the failures of past attempts to improve them. As long as documents are under discussion we read them with a critical eye; there is still a chance of having them improved. But once a conciliar document is promulgated, it is the gift of the Holy Spirit to the Church, and we read it in search of its positive message, eager to apply it to the present life of the Church.

The real meaning of most conciliar documents does not become apparent on first reading. One is really in need of a commentary to appreciate the documents fully. It is important to know the history of a document, the various drafts proposed to the Council, the significant interventions of bishops, and the important changes that have been introduced in the text during the Council. The real meaning of a conciliar document appears only when it is seen as the fruit of a long, and often eventful development.

The decree on the pastoral office of bishops applies the principle of collegiality to the government of the Church. It deals with such questions as the synod of bishops, decentralization, episcopal conferences, dialogue and consultation in the diocese, the internationalization of the Roman Curia, etc. The decree applies collegiality consistently, but modestly; it is not a radical document. It will nevertheless make a tremendous difference in the governmental life of the Church and help to create a truly collegial attitude among bishops.

One might mention that the decree says nothing about the urgent problem of the appointment of bishops. At the moment the appointment of bishops is not guided by common law: no consultations are prescribed by law, neither of the bishops in the neighborhood nor of the clergy or the laity. The present procedure could be quite arbitrary.

The decree on seminaries applies decentralization to priestly formation in the Church. The episcopal conferences of the various nations are responsible for adapting seminary training to the needs of the Church in their territories. The decree only provides general principles. The decree encourages the reform of the philosophical and theological studies at the seminary: these studies should begin with an introduction into Scripture and Liturgy as the basis of the Christian life and the ideal of priestly service in the Church. Only after such a period are philosophy and theology to be taught, in an order that seems suitable, with the special objective of preparing the seminarians for the pastoral ministry to which they have been called. The decree is open enough to permit episcopal conferences to place seminaries on university campuses where the students of theology may have conversation and fellowship with the students of other university faculties.

The decree on the renewal of religious life is modestly written: its content, however, is dynamite. All religious congregations are to seek the renewal recommended by the Council. In this process all the members of religious congregations should be consulted. Experiments may be permitted. The guidelines for the renewal are the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the original inspiration of the founder. This means that neither present canon law nor the constitutions inherited by the congregations nor even the statutes given by the founder are to be considered as normative: normative is the Gospel of Christ and the founder's inspiration.

Religious must not expect detailed programs of reform from the Council or from the Holy See. Conditions vary from country to country. On the basis of the decree, religious are to examine their lives, consult with one another, and through their chapters or other legitimate organs formulate the way in which they must follow Christ today in fidelity to the Gospel and the spirit of their foundation. The decree gives religious orders a basis on which to insist that their proposals will be acknowledged by the Roman Congregation.

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The declaration on Christian education I have not yet read.

One of the most remarkable ecclesiastical documents ever published is the conciliar declaration on the Christian approach to non-Christian religions. No Church has ever pronounced itself on other religions. Future generations, more at home in religious pluralism than we are, may well look back to this declaration as the great achievement of Vatican II.

In harmony with other conciliar documents acknowledging the mercy of God at work in the world, beyond the boundaries of the Church, the present declaration recognizes God's saving action in the great religions of the world, despite the ambiguities and deficiencies that may be associated with them. The declaration does not present a theological explanation of this. It simply calls upon Christians to respect other religions as something sacred and to engage in dialogue with them. The declaration clearly asserts that God has revealed the fullness of His mercy, and the way of salvation, in His Son Jesus Christ. At the same time, very little is said relating the Church's dialogue to her mission to preach the Gospel.

The time for synthesis has not come. It is not possible at this point to present, in a perfectly coherent picture, the role of the Church in the world of men, as it emerges from the declaration of non-Christian religions, from the decree on the missions, and from the constitution on the Church in the modern world. There are as yet many unresolved problems.

The declaration on the Christian approach to the religions contains the important passage on Jewish-Christian relations. Pope Paul was especially moved by this passage. Conscious of the weakening of the final text, as a minimal concession to the radical opposition of the Near Eastern bishops, the Pope warmly mentioned the Jews in his speech at the occasion: the Jews are for us, he said, "not objects of reprobation or distrust, but of respect, love and hope."

The present declaration removes the ambiguities which have been the cause of the anti-Jewish tendency in much Christian preaching over the centuries. It clearly announces the saving action of God in Israel prior to the coming of Christ; it explains that all the events of our salvation took place within the Jewish people (Jesus and His disciples were as Jewish as His adversaries); and it clarifies that the history of the Jews after the coming of Christ is not under the shadow of divine reprobation, but on the contrary, in the sun of the perduring promises of God Whose gifts are irrevocable. The present declaration outlines a practical program of Jewish-Christian friendship. It rejects all forms of anti-Semitism, it exhorts teachers of the Christian Gospel to be faithful to the truth, it encourages dialogue and cooperation between Christians and Jews. More than that, it acknowledges the common spiritual patrimony between the Church and the Synagogue. One may be a little sad that the declaration is not quite as strong as the draft of last year, but one will have to admit that this extraordinary conciliar document closes an entire phase, a most unhappy one, of Jewish-Christian relations and opens a new era in the history of the Church in respect to her attitude and approach to the Jewish people. For this we are grateful.

Fasting and Indulgences

In the meantime, the conciliar work proceeds. The commissions are meeting daily to revise the documents not yet published. The majority of the Bishops, however, those not connected with a drafting commission, have really nothing to do. Some have gone on holidays. The Secretary General of the Council had announced some time ago that during the periods of recess, the episcopal conferences were to meet and discuss various subjects submitted to them. This program, however, did not come off too well. Only two documents have been submitted to the Bishops so far, and since there were only a few copies available for each episcopal conference, a responsible discussion of the matter was not really possible. To this day the planning of this extra-conciliar discussion remains quite obscure.

The subjects on which two documents were proposed to the bishops were the reform of the laws on fast and abstinence and the renewal of the ordering of indulgences. What was astounding about the two documents was that their theological understanding of the penitential life of the Church was wholly determined by the tradition of the manuals; the conciliar renewal of theology had had no effect on their composition. Speaking about penance, the document presented the dualistic understanding of man which many of us had regarded as a thing of the past. Man is indeed divided, but the morally significant division is not between the higher and lower faculties, but between generosity and egotism. The document still regarded penance mainly as man's work and not, in accordance with the biblical teaching, principally as the work of God in man. The documents presented the Church's treasury of merits in almost material terms, as a kind of heavenly bank, and hence regarded the Church's application of these merits to individual Christians (in the form of an indulgence) as an act of jurisdiction. Judging from the responsible accounts which have appeared in the press,

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the proposed documents hardly presented an acceptable theological basis on which to discuss the renewal of Church legislation.

It would appear that the bishops were not even asked to discuss the theological teaching of the documents. They were simply to vote on a number of questions, appended to the documents, relating to the new legislation on fast and abstinence and to the new scheme of indulgences. Many episcopal conferences simply refused to express themselves in this fashion on matters as important as the penitential life of the Church. They felt that there is a real need to rethink the entire mystery of the Church's penitential life, with its focus in the sacramental liturgy, and that it is only in this context that the issue of indulgences and the days of fast and abstinence can be reasonably brought up.

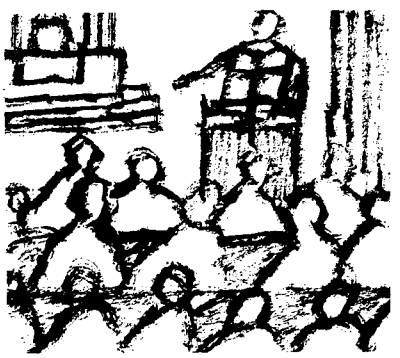
It is a little frightening that the curial commission responsible for these two documents was not in touch with the living theology of the Church. According to press reports, the American hierarchy was content to deal with these matters simply by voting on the questions proposed in the two documents regarding a few practical changes. Many have wondered whether this is a responsible reaction worthy of one of the largest episcopal conferences in the Catholic Church.

We may hope that one day the Synod of Bishops will have the task of renewing the penitential life and practice of the Church. If the Synod finds a more suitable way of applying the powerful prayer of the Church, relying on the work of Christ in His Body, to the total reconciliation of individual Christians with God, then we might even see the abolishment of indulgence and the introduction of more meaningful penitential worship.

During the last week, one of the most important dogmatic statements was finally approved by the Council: the constitution on divine revelation. The first draft of this document, then called "on the twofold source of revelation," provoked the first significant crisis during the first session. The majority of bishops objected against the two-source theory of revelation. In their eyes, this theory presupposed that revelation consisted of true propositions about God made known by Him and that Tradition was not only wider than Scripture but even relatively independent of it. The bishops, moreover, objected to the document because it was not open to modern biblical scholarship. The crisis was overcome when Pope John created a mixed commission to rewrite the entire document.

The present constitution is a magnificent statement on divine revelation, its transmission in the Church, and on the role of the Scriptures in the Christian people. The constitution reflects the advance of biblical scholarship and Catholic theology over the last decades. It will have a profound influence on the future of Catholic thought. Personally I believe that the influence on theology of this document will be greater than that of any other.

Revelation is here no longer understood as a communication of truths, but as the self-communication of God in the person and work of Jesus Christ. The totality of the words and gestures of Christ, of His teaching, His life, His entire personality, is divine revelation. This doctrine will give rise to a new theological epistomology.



According to the press reports, the document underwent a good deal of pressure in the commission. The minority was unrelenting in its opposition to the final draft. According to the press reports, Pope Paul himself, after the work of the commission had been completed, sent three subjects for special study: he wondered whether the document should not say that Tradition is wider than Scripture, he wished to affirm more strongly the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and he suggested to stress the historical reliability of the Gospels. These had been subjects that had been discussed at the Council and the commission had followed the wishes of the Fathers of the Council in preparing their final draft. How did the commission react to this new challenge? There were days of deep concern and anguish. When the final version was eventually distributed for the last vote, the text revealed that the commission had introduced certain precisions without, however, in any way changing the meaning of the text or weakening its teaching.

The text now mentions that Tradition is wider than Scripture, but only in the sense that ultimate certitude about the meaning of all that is revealed in the Scriptures cannot be drawn from the Scriptures themselves: for this certitude, the life of the Church, or Tradition, is required. (This statement recalls the declaration of the

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Faith and Order Conference at Montreal in 1963.) The final version of the constitution, moreover, defends the inerrancy of the Scriptures, but the truth which the Scriptures contain without error, is qualified by a subordinate clause: the truth which God the author of salvation intended to put down in the Scriptures. This leaves the door open for the admission of error in many historical details. Similarly the final version of the constitution asserts the historicity of the gospels in general, leaving quite open the question of literary forms and the possibility that many things in the life of Christ did not happen precisely in the order and manner described in the gospels.

The work at Rome is almost finished. God in His mercy has been with His people again. The real task of renewal continues now—at home.

After Salazar?

DEAD END IN PORTUGAL

JANIO NABUCO

The outside world took little notice last July when Admiral Américo Tomás was elected to a second seven-year term as President of the Republic of Portugal. It all happened quietly and discreetly.

As the candidate of the National Union Party, which is the government party and the only one authorized, Tomás had no rivals. One reason for this goes back to the last presidential campaign in 1958, when General Delgado, the candidate of the democratic opposition, roused the nation from its long-standing political slumber and brought to light the general unpopularity of the present regime. Prime Minister Salazar subsequently prohibited any future public declarations of opposition, declaring them a "disorder." The constitution was amended to transform the direct and potentially dangerous appeal to the electorate into a *de facto* appointment by an electoral college, composed of the Corporative Chamber, a body chosen by the Government itself, and the National Assembly, a body of supposedly elected officials.

Predictably, Admiral Tomás found himself reinstated without any commotion—none against, only thirteen abstaining. The regime had demonstrated its determination not to return to the days of Humberto Delgado. This figure, assassinated under mysterious circumstances in the Spanish city of Badajoz near the border of Portugal, seems also to have left the stage of history without causing much of a stir.

Beneath the apparently calm surface, however, things were stirring. In the first place, until the very last moment political circles in Portugal were doubtful that Salazar would again choose the Admiral for the honorary post. A speech by the dictator at the beginning of June had given rise to speculations. In that speech Salazar surprised everyone by referring to his own advanced age, 76, and the possibility that the President of the Republic would soon be called upon to make weighty decisions which had been spared him up to now—namely, to choose the Prime Minister, his principal constitutional task. No one thought that Tomás, a political nonentity useful for cutting highway ribbons and sparing the dictator embarrassment, would be judged capable of guaranteeing legal succession to a dictatorship of almost 40 years.

Indeed, it was thought that Salazar had someone else in mind, Marcello Caetano, the law professor who had been Minister of the Presidency until 1958; this opinion was reinforced when the papers later reported that Caetano had been working with Salazar on three successive afternoons. If anyone can really assure Salazarism a non-violent transition to democracy, Caetano is the man. His reputation as a moderate is enough to satisfy both the army and also those factions interested in greater political and economic contact with Western Europe, along the lines being tried by Franco in Spain. Rumors pinpoint him as the probable head of an eventual Christian-Democrat Party, generally regarded by the middle-classes and by the industrial interests as the best solution to all the *post-mortem* problems which will inevitably crop up.

The foundations of this party are yet to be seen. In the meantime, it is certain that the extreme right wing of the regime, the hard-line forces, would maintain

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JANIO NABUCO *is the pseudonym of a Portuguese journalist whose family is still in Portugal. Translation by John Drury.*

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steadfast opposition to Caetano's nomination as President; most likely, this is precisely what happened. The re-election of Tomás, then, signifies nothing more than the postponement of a battle which will take place sooner or later between the conservatives and the ultra-right. The conservatives are in favor of political liberalization and the revitalization of economic structures through intensive industrialization and "europeanization"; the ultra-right sees any proposed alternative to the status quo as pure and outright treason. Intransigence on the African question is their sole political plank, and it serves as sufficient justification for preserving and even stiffening the dictatorship of the Salazar regime.

Portugal has 140,000 men in arms in Guinea, Angola, and Mozambique. As happened in France, the colonial war has given the army a rallying cry and great political influence. Under the pretext that the country was being attacked by a foreign power, all internal opposition came to be regarded as criminal and to be treated as such. The abuses committed in the name of "national unity" are growing in number and intensity. They do silence protests, to be sure. But they also bolster the forces of the extreme left which advocate violent revolutionary methods: the Communist Party of Portugal, the dissidents in its Chinese wing who call themselves the Popular Action Front (FAP), and the Revolutionary Action Movement (MAR)—a group of Marxist-orientated intellectuals among whom exasperation has replaced any tangible line of thought.

Up to now, none of these organizations has initiated the violent activities which they propose: sabotage, terrorism, and resistance to oppression. Undoubtedly, one explanation lies in the fact that the Communist Party, the only one of the three with any real strength, is daily adapting itself more closely to the so-called "Italian style." It wants to protect its participation in a future democracy by not building up a reputation as a party of rabble-rousers. Nevertheless, despite this, an old and dangerous process is repeating itself: political forces are lining up on the left and the right, creating a great vacuum in the center.

Recent Government Actions

In the last six months several events have served to accelerate this process. The landed gentry has been greatly disturbed over the critical state of agriculture. Emigration to foreign countries and a general movement to industrial areas (more than one million in the last 10 years) has reduced the productive capacity of agriculture. Between 1953 and 1961 the gross farm product grew scarcely 0.9%, compared to 7.3% for manufacturing industries and 6.3% for commerce and services. In response to the protests from agricultural interests, Salazar was not disposed to make concessions. He only remarked dryly that "the land is humble," as is proved by the fact that it is "trampled on," and that he, being a "peasant" too, was well aware that farming is "a vocation to poverty."

On another front, students have renewed their protests since 1962 over the government's systematic refusal to guarantee them freedom of expression, of assembly, and of association. In response to their more or less intensive protests, Salazar ordered the imprisonment of thirty-seven leaders of student associations last January 20. These leaders were tortured by the Secret Police (PIDE) to the point where one of them attempted to commit suicide by eating the lens of his glasses, and two others were admitted to psychiatric hospitals, suffering from temporary insanity.

The most frequently applied tortures involved keeping the accused awake for periods of four to eight days, forcing them to stand motionless the whole time (the so-called "statue torture"), beating them, and exerting pressure on their families. In an unofficial memorandum the police accused them of belonging to the Communist Party. The special tribunal appointed by Salazar to try them, however, acquitted 31 and found only six guilty. These six were given relatively light sentences of one and a half to two years. It might be noted in passing that among the accused was Luís Salgado de Matos, the director of Portugal's Catholic Youth Organization, a branch of Catholic Action.

In July the Government renewed its long-time efforts to gain control of the student unions. It dispatched to administrative tribunals processes against 280 students in the University of Lisbon for subversive activities. The penalty in this instance involved permanent or temporary expulsion from all educational establishments in Portugal.

Finally, on May 21, the Government disbanded the Portuguese Society of Writers. It was a reprisal because the Society had granted one of its literary prizes to Luandino Vieira, who at the moment is working off a 14-year prison sentence for alleged terrorist activities in Angola. The official press unleashed a frantic campaign against the Society, supported by the one and only television network and by fascist youth organizations. Under the tolerant eye of the police, the Portuguese National-Socialist Youth Organization plucked up enough courage to attack the headquarters of the Society, sack it, and rob its archives.

The members of the jury which awarded the prize to

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Vieira were imprisoned for a week. Only when tempers had calmed, was it verified that Salazar's Ministry of Information and Culture and several white cultural associations in Angola had already awarded a prize to the same author and the same book sometime after his condemnation.

It then was apparent that the Vieira incident was no more than a pretext for undermining the influence of intellectuals on Portuguese life—the influence of the Writers' Society in particular. Other similar measures followed shortly after. The newspaper, *Diario de Mocambique*, under the management of the Bishop of Beira, was banned. The *Jornal do Fundao,* a provincial publication with an even larger circulation, was suspended for six months. A publishing firm, Europa-America, had 23,000 volumes confiscated; and the Central Bureau of Censure received orders to use greater strictness. More voices were silenced.

All this is changing the shape of the dictatorship which Salazar once defined as being in accord with "the gentleness of Portuguese customs." The public looks on uneasily at the creation of a widening no-man's land between the two extremes. In truth, there is nothing else between the radical left and the regime with its extremists and moderates. Only the aged members of the defunct Democratic Republic, which came to an end with Salazar's victory in 1926, have formed an association, called Social-Democratic Action (AS-D). Occasionally it releases mimeographed sheets which are hardly read, protesting against especially notorious arbitrary acts perpetrated by the regime.

It is worth noting, however, that this vacuum is not an artificial political phenomenon. Portuguese society is, in fact, sharply divided between modernized and industrialized areas, on the one hand, and the rural hinterlands with their medieval outlook, on the other. It is significant that 17% of the total population, residing in the environs of Lisbon, account for 30% of the gross internal product, 35% of the industrial product, 46% of commerce and service products, 60% of declared capital, and 59% of declared income. In contrast, a population three times as great, residing in 13 of the 18 existing districts, account for only 36% of the total product, 18% of the industrial product, 28% of commerce and service products, 16% of declared capital, and 13% of declared income. When one realizes that the medieval portion of society is markedly hierarchical in character, one can see the difficulty in finding a sufficiently large group with common interests, which would create a stable political expression.

For this reason, the Catholic vote or, in other words, a Christian Democracy, offers the only hope of providing an adequate instrument for the solidification of a democratic regime; in short, only it could guarantee government stability in the initial years and re-establish regional equilibrium over the long haul. Postwar Italy, whose condition seems much like that of present-day Portugal, is the example towards which everyone looks; and the success of Frei in Chile provides a strong confirmation.

Creating a Third Choice

Obviously, election victories were not expected. The hope was to make clear to the country that the choice is not restricted to the regime or to the Communists, as both of these forces insistently claim. Victory was impossible in the present state of affairs. The candidates were not authorized to examine the registry of electors, to supervise the vote count, or even to use radio and television during the campaign. But the election could produce the embryo of a Christian-Democratic organization which would embarrass Salazar. He would not be able to attack it as merely a front for the Communist Party—a permanent tactic of his which is hardly very original.

Needless to say, a Catholic political party will need the tolerance, if not the approval, of the Church. On the one hand, the Church must plan for the future; it would be unwise for her to link up her destiny with that of the regime, even by silence. On the other hand, she cannot overlook the fact that many Catholics of the upper-classes still support Salazar, and that the dictator has the power to revoke the Concordat which he, following Mussolini's lead, negotiated at the beginning of the Thirties. Last November, however, when the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared in a press conference that Pope Paul VI's visit to India was nothing more than an "unwarranted insult" to Portugal, many realized that Salazar was not interested in serving the Church but rather in using it. This little blunder, which opened deep wounds in the Catholic conscience, could prove to be decisive.

Aware of the threat which the emergence of a Catholic party would pose to himself, Salazar has already twice warned against the idea. He has given notice that he would not hesitate to act harshly, if it became necessary. Force or the threat of force, however, is not the most advisable method for convincing Christians; these warnings may have an effect contrary to the one intended. Let us hope they do, because the alternative to Salazarism is a Christian-Democrat Party sufficiently strong to govern in a democratic way for the next ten years—or else, utter chaos.

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THE STAGE

Before the curtain went up, on the second night of Jack Richardson's new play, the word was out: the play was due to close on Saturday night.

What direct effect this has on actors is hard to say – they are old hands at dissembling their private miseries. But a fog bank of lethargy had settled over the audience, and this must have worked its way back onto the stage for the performances were uniformly slack and the one brief curtain-call had all the zest of a police line-up. Moving companies cast a long shadow, and one could almost see the snazzy furniture being wheeled off piece by piece while the actors were still nodding their farewells.

A pity, because "Xmas in Las Vegas" demands a certain sharpness, from both players and customers. It belongs, willfully, to the genre "ill-made play" – presumably on the grounds that the well-made play has become a bore – and its pleasures are fragmentary and unpredictable. Instead of building solemnly through exposition to explosion to tidying-up, it comes on like a catherine-wheel, sputters, resumes, and finally fizzles out in your hands.

The first act could be considered as a series of isolated stunts, in which the author chins himself, lifts weights and goes to sleep standing up. A family of American misfits has assembled in Las Vegas, and each does his recitatif – the over-married girl who sleeps 20 hours a day, the young man whose principal occupation is attempted suicide, etc. In strategy this is closer to a novel like Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust* than to any play I can think of. The long and the short of it is that Las Vegas, locus of our latest gold-rush, has attracted the same company of emotional cripples as Hollywood did in the thirties; and that the great American freak-show has found a new camp-site on its mysterious pilgrimage to the Good Place.

Mr. Richardson examines Las Vegas from underneath, from the ring of motels that form the underbelly: and his observations are bright and full of sleazy poetry. But whether the stage is the best place for them is another question. If you compare the play with West's novel, you find that West managed a much richer brew – denser backgrounds, more disturbing characters, a more resourceful surrealism. And it seems that in this instance, stage convention has rather hamstrung the author: the limitations of scene, the demands of expository dialogue, the rigidities of plotting, all work against what he is trying to do. To take just one example: to root out each other's eccentricities, the characters have to say things like, "and then you remember the summer when you. . ." And on its side the ferret-eyed audience keeps asking, why am I being told this, what is he getting at here, in a way that novel-readers do not.

The most damaging comparison concerns the actual plotting. In *The Day of the Locust* the climax is not a logical progression at all, but a combined expansion of scale and condensation of atmosphere into which the freaks vanish, one by one. The story, such as it is, also disappears in the confusion. But in "Xmas" an O. Henryish little climax is tacked on in the interests of drama and however sardonically this is presented, it is just too small for the job. The sequence is not at all bad in itself (a gambler has a lucky old lady as mascot, and she loses her nerve in the crunch) but it is not what we have been prepared for: it is a straight situation climax to an impressionist play. If we are to care about this scene properly, we need a whole different first act. We need to focus more on the gambler; and to do this means plodding through those dreary wastes of development that the author has chosen to by-pass.

In other words, the play could afford to be either more conventional or less; but in either case might be better still as a novel. As it is, "Xmas in Las Vegas" is a frankly experimental work by one of our best playwrights, and as such deserves a much better fate than it got. The leading actor, Tom Ewell, has surely established some credit in these parts by now, and even a minor play by Richardson should stir some curiosity in this calamitous season. Yet the advance bookings did not carry it a week. (*Closed at the Barrymore*)

In contrast, a souped-up T.V. script called "The Impossible Years" starring Alan King has been booked through next May. Mr. King is not fit to carry Tom Ewell's press clippings, as an actor anyway, and the authors have little to recommend them beyond a dismal list of television credits. Yet even before the critics had taken their shivs to it, ominous lines had begun to form.

This is the kind of play that makes you lose hope in just about everything, starting with the whole human experiment. Of course, no play that takes itself seriously is going to cast Alan King as a psychologist – Mr. King has only one role in life and that is your wise-guy brother-in-law, the one who actually likes to hear people say "you're awful, Herman." Outside of this meretricious bit of casting, the play offers nothing be-

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yond a banal and repulsive commentary on adolescence: a period when people are at a temporary biological disadvantage, and should not be made fun of unless cause be shown.

Even within its own terms, "The Impossible Years" is gratuitously unintelligent. The teen-age daughter who behaves so irritatingly is clearly doing so in response to her father's wishes: he pretends to disapprove, but his eyes tell her "yes, yes — be an impossible teen-ager." To ignore this is to throw away the only interesting theme in the play, to malign the poor girl beyond repair, and to tell a pointless lie about youth in general to boot. (*At the Playhouse*) WILFRID SHEED

FELLINI, FREUD AND FRILLS

THE SCREEN

I don't know whether Federico Fellini is familiar with Lewis Carroll's *Alice* stories. (As a matter of fact, our information about the great director's personal life and background is somewhat hazy—mainly because he has the capricious habit of changing the details depending on his mood and the writer or interviewer to whom he's talking.) In any case it struck me as I was watching his new film, "Juliet of the Spirits," that he is conducting his Juliet on a wild, sometimes mad, sometimes hilarious, and often touching tour similar to Alice's—except that his exquisite picture is a fantasy for adults in which Fellini is holding up for Juliet a mirror in which she sees herself and her world and perhaps ours. Rumor had it (and that's all you can ever have with reports on Fellini) that this movie was to be a sort of sequel or continuation of "8½," but told from the wife's point of view. Since the magnificent "8½" was a thinly disguised autobiography of director Fellini, it was assumed that "*Giulietta degli Spiriti*" must be about Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, who plays the lead and title role and gives another fine performance as she did in Fellini's earlier "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria." Now the Italian movie with English subtitles has been released here by Angelo Rizzoli, its producer, and whether or not it's the story of Mrs. Fellini makes little difference. As far as I know the Fellinis are devoted to each other. The film tells the story of a woman and her marriage that has gone awry; and it could be the story of any Italian marriage during the middle years.

Although Fellini worked in color in his third of "Boccaccio 70," this is his first full-length color movie, and the photography throughout is a joy to behold. At times Fellini imaginatively uses the color for meaning; more often it is for the sheer beauty of the pictures, pictures which seem to stem occasionally from the masters—like the stunning tree-lined paths that are right out of Corot or that sun-splashed Renoir garden where Juliet's little nieces, even dressed like Renoir models, romp and listen to the fairy tales that Juliet is telling. The lovely costumes and clothes worn throughout the film (even the skimpy ones, for Fellini is not adverse to semi-nudity) are designed for their color effect and add considerably to the fantasy.

Many of the costumes, particularly those worn by Giulietta Masina (one glass-bead-covered bolero is a knock-out) will appeal especially to women. And perhaps "Juliet of the Spirits" is really a woman's picture. It is told entirely from Juliet's point of view; and the role of the hurt, thunder-struck wife, who can hardly believe her husband's infidelity, is portrayed to perfection by Miss Masina. She still has some of the wistful-waif quality of the childish creature in "La Strada" and the naïve prostitute of "Cabiria," but it fits Juliet, who may wear smart, modern clothes as an upper-middle-class wife and run a slick, handsome household, but is still an unsophisticated woman who foolishly, but perhaps naturally because of her background, looks upon her husband as a god. The husband, whose motives are not delved into, is played somewhat sketchily by Mario Pisu; and the "other woman" is only a voice or figure in the distance. But the other members of the large cast stand out, sometimes individually and sometimes in ensemble in the many mass scenes that make up the film's fantasy-versus-reality theme.

Evidently Juliet was always a dreamer, but when her marriage and life seem to fall apart, her visions, fantasies, dreams grow out of proportion and almost supplant reality. Blow after blow descends on the sweet wife: being told at a seance, "You're nothing. Nobody wants

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you," her doctor's saying, "You should tell your husband to make love more," the unwelcome advice on love and sex handed out at a Hindu demonstration, the indignity of hiring a private eye who tells her, "You'll soon know his every secret" and later proves to her with motion pictures her husband's philandering, the crushing experience at the "other woman's" apartment, and finally her husband's lies while leaving to join his mistress on a trip.

It is no wonder that Juliet recalls the past, turns to new visions and daydreams to escape, and even visits her voluptuous neighbor (Sandra Milo) whose gaudy house and obvious orgies at first amuse Juliet and then repel her. Fellini shoots the works in visualizing the disturbed woman's remembrance of things past and her images of things present—all of which are a jumble of fanciful Freud and Juliet's Catholic and family background. Fellini, who is always mainly responsible for his films and wrote this screenplay with three of his writers, doesn't make things easier for his viewers by having some of his actors play two or even three roles in the switch from reality to the world of spirits. Some of these visions are extraordinarily beautiful, like the circus sequence in which Juliet recalls her grandfather (Lou Gilbert) and the performer (Miss Milo again) he flew off with; some of the visions are bizarre and sensual, like the barge with its collection of sinners and decadence, or the later gathering of many of the spirits; some are beautiful, grotesque and disquieting, like Juliet's traumatic experience in a school pageant which was dramatically stopped by her grandfather just as little Juliet was about to be martyred in flames—a vision which turns up again and again with Juliet's sweet, innocent chambermaid as the girl on the grille.

In spite of its shocking scenes and grotesqueries, "Juliet" has a haunting poetic quality that mixes lyrical heights with the sins and wastelands of modern life—much as many of T. S. Eliot's poems do. As in "La Dolce Vita," Fellini is saying: look out! He does not mean to be anti-Catholic, but he is against superstition and misguiding influences on young people, not only by the Church but by the family. He makes his points in the portrayal of nuns smothered in veils, of Juliet's cold, incredibly beautiful mother, of Juliet's pretty sisters, of her loving grandfather who says goodbye when Juliet finally frees herself of the spirits, "I am an invention, too."

Although I prefer "8½" for its greater depth and wider scope, I am greatly impressed with Fellini's new movie. Perhaps this great director (author, he calls himself) makes his viewers work too hard, and perhaps in this case, his main plot is somewhat soap opera, but

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it is his decorations, his color, his flashes of humor and tart comments on the world we live in that make "Juliet of the Spirits" a first-rate film. And when Juliet, at long last, conquers herself, learns to live with and rise above the tragic situation of her husband's betrayal, and dismisses her unsettling spirits, we are reminded of another finale: "Our revels now are ended. These our actors . . . were all spirits and are melted into air, into thin air. . . . We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Imposing one's worldview on the historical Christ

The History of Jesus Christ

R. L. BRUCKBERGER

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JOHN RATTE

This is an amazingly rich and variegated work, one which many will find great even beyond the magnificence brought to it by its subject. In an idiosyncratic and vigorous way Father Bruckberger has combined the gospel narratives, the richness of apostolic tradition, and the whole range of Christian experience which has grown out of two thousand years of faith. He has struggled to bring together the meaning the gospel had in its own day, especially the dramatic force that it had as *action*, with the great actions of his own time. The mobilization of 1914 (this is above all a book for Frenchmen) is a type for the self-sacrifice of the Sons of Zebedee as they answered the call of Jesus: collaboration and conspiracy in the days of Vichy France help to make clear the confusion of motives and hopes which led people and priests to demand His death. No review no matter how detailed could convey the book's richness of literary allusion, historical analogy, and psychological insight. This is a "hand-made" book, "the book of my whole life," Father Bruckberger calls it; massive, intricate, often moving.

Schweitzer wrote, "There is no historical task which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a life of Jesus." It is a heroic undertaking, as the author himself knows, to speak again where God has already spoken. But heroism is more than half danger. In his preface Cardinal Tisserant says that it is the author's intention to "announce, and at the same time to explain to our contemporaries in their own language, the extraordinary good news of Jesus crucified." But Father Bruckberger's language, his approach to contemporary culture, and his attitude towards history do not always work to fulfill this intention, and the undoubted power of his retelling of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ is often diminished by them.

Father Bruckberger is a professional writer. He has a style, and it is a good style, if the definition of a good style includes vigor, simplicity, rich and yet credible images, and the ability to develop a fairly complex argument without undue strain to the reader. But a fluid style may also involve, as it does in this case, a certain amount of repetition, as well as the superimposition of the stylist's prejudices in matters of general literary art on the material at hand. Thus one is not helped, unless one is given to thinking of the action of the gospels—and of all creation for that matter—in terms of Greek and Elizabethan dramatic structure, by a protracted analogy between God's action and the art of the dramatist. God in a white beard is bad enough: but God with a goatee and a ruffled collar is too much.

Like other men for whom writing is the controlling passion and not the distasteful and unavoidable concomitant of thought or scholarship, and like the true politician whose speaking is not merely the vehicle of his thought but its enrichment and sometimes its creation, Father Bruckberger desires a large audience (and has got it or will get it with this book). Like them he has a relationship of mutuality with this audience even before it has come to hear him and he to speak to it. This audience is composed of men and women profoundly disappointed with the modern world, awaiting a voice which will tell them of a world more orderly and more enduring. Chastened by the excesses of chauvinism in the twentieth century but still fundamentally defined by a nationalism dangerously liberated from bourgeois politics, they are disenchanted with socialism, disabused with the dream of progress, but above all else they are finished with the tyranny of science. To them Bruckberger brings the good news: "The huge windbag of positive philosophy is permanently punctured."

Father Bruckberger's book is in its philosophical lineaments part of a tradition of Catholic historical and social criticism which has argued against the irreligion of modern science and modern society by first analyzing the role played by the irrational in both these areas, then rehearsing the traditional insight which literature, especially poetry, has always given into areas of human experience inaccessible to reason, and finally revealing religion as a way of apprehending reality—both existential and transcendent—superior to poetry and therefore in-

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finitely superior to science. ". . . A universe of discourse that leaves no place for poetry has by the same token no place left over for religion. On the other hand . . . if you leave the door open to poetry you can no longer close it upon religion." And Father Bruckberger adds: "I challenge anyone of intelligence and good faith to contradict me."

I think there are many men who have both and who are no whit less concerned for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who will feel that this kind of argument is helpful to the cause of poetry but harmful to the cause of religion. Some men may come to faith through poetry, and to poetry through despair. But this was a special way, characteristic of a generation which saw reason and unreason thrust apart, religion sundered from science, and history confirm the terror of man without God. But if the world is going to be at all, it is not going to be forever the world of irrationalism and total war: the world of Hamlet. The holy, as Jaroslav Pelikan has reminded us, is neither the Good, *nor* the True, *nor* the Beautiful. More and more in the future men are going to find their way to the holy through science or not at all.

For Father Bruckberger, modern science is the idol through which Satan is made manifest in the world today (though Sartre is a close second): and when he talks about Satan it is no metaphor. But religion is neither science nor poetry, it is neither rational nor irrational, neither history nor metahistory, nature or super-nature. It is something more, something other. Undoubtedly the 19th-century sundering of religion from science was a disaster. But what we might call the "separate but equal" solution may be even more disastrous. The only things worse than the battles of religion and science are the moments of bourgeois piety when the physicist (or the historian) and the theologian appear together on the public platform to bow and scrape and praise the autonomy of each other's province; yet all the while the one mutters to himself "it moves" and the other "it moveth not."

One might argue that every man has a right to his reading of the gospel, and to preach the gospel, within the context of the teaching and the tradition of the Church; and an equal right to strong opinions about what is right and what is wrong with the world, and what ought to be done to make things better. But the *obbligato* is an intrinsic part of a piece of music. You can't just leave it out if you don't like it: if you do the whole work loses its resonance. The character of cultural prejudices and projections admixed with a perennial theme critically determines the meaning that theme will have for listeners; more accurately, it determines how successfully the author will convey the force of its permanence.

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The changes rung reveal or obscure the changeless.

A more brutal way of putting this is to say that the more permanent the subject matter of a book the greater the danger of its being out of date. Father Bruckberger has so completely blended his reading and teaching of the gospel—which I must insist is powerful, faithful, moving: especially in his discussion of the Resurrection, especially in his sense of the wonderful humanity of Jesus—with his reading and rejection of the modern world that his great hope of speaking to the young people of this age is flawed by the very accents of his speech. Fortunately we can share his faith without his fulminations: but it is a struggle for the Christian, for whom science is not a disaster but a hope, to have to listen to the static historical-philosophical *obbligato* of *The History of Jesus Christ*. And please, let's not be told: that's just what you need. This is precisely the kind of apologetic Catholicism does not need. Unless we are to be not a divine ordained remnant, but a self-declared relic, of the Word.

Ginger, You're Barmy

DAVID LODGE

Doubleday, $4.50

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

If the reader doesn't too much mind, I should like to sneak into this review of David Lodge's second novel, *Ginger, You're Barmy*, by way of retrospect. For the book reminds me of those far-off halcyon days when people were reading John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*, and when I languished for weeks, like any other very young and pre-War romantic, over the death of Soames Forsyte in the interlude called "Indian Summer."

Old Soames Forsyte has vanished forever, I'm afraid, and so has his saga, and all that concern with upper-class manners. I cannot say in his going that England has not itself lost a certain grace and style of life. But had we ever really seen England in any but a lit'ry light? And, until the "invasion" and national encampment of our arms placed many of our soldiers there, had we ever been aware that the Midlands existed at all? On troopship, I recall, we were even oriented on how to say clearly and without possible confusion, if invited to an upperclass hunt, "Tallyho, the fox!"

But the Britain we saw in Lincolnshire was not Galsworthy's England, surely, not even Robin Hood's of Nottingham: it was a contemporary England that we had never seen in print until the angry young men, so-called, came along after the war. For what we saw, war and postwar, was Allan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* over and over again.

In much the same way, then, I wonder if Americans have come anywhere near to knowing the British Army—I mean, of course, somewhat this side of Rudyard Kipling and, in our own day, the Evelyn Waugh of *Men at Arms*. Evelyn Waugh's work is superlative, certainly one of the best in the last several decades of English writing, but it is Forsyte all over again in upper-class arms.

Now I should not be so downright insane as to place David Lodge's second novel against what seems to be the final achievement in fiction of Evelyn Waugh, but I would maintain that *Ginger, You're Barmy* is the British Army in ways that Waugh's officers and gentlemen are not. At the conjunction of both views, however, lies the

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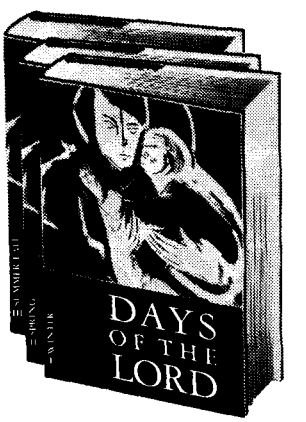

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point and price of man's civility in the modern world—in Evelyn Waugh, its diminishment and death; and in David Lodge, its quiet and, yes, noble struggle for survival.

For Corporal Jonathan Browne, drafted into Britain's peacetime Army, is, I think, a quietly noble figure. His indignities are never so wildly comic—or so self-inflicted—as the possession, loss, search, and recovery of a gentleman-officer's thunder-box in *Men at Arms*, but to endure the process of dehumanization is the only victory that the peacetime soldier can claim. The recovery, not of a thunder-box but of the private person—this, in fact, is the only victory that matters to him at all.

Some reviewers have passed off *Ginger, You're Barmy* as the same old thing about life in the army, but it is a much better book than they are readers. They are certainly unknowing in the ways of military life if they do not realize that extreme regimentation all but forces a reversion to types: the brutalizing authority in low as well as higher ranks; the delicately-balanced, who, more precipitously than not, shall be broken by the system; the manic-unbalanced, who wants no other way but violently out; and the finely-balanced, who shall at last not only survive the ordeal but turn it to some new awareness of life itself.

There is one oddly disconcerting note in *Ginger, You're Barmy*. Percy Higgins is the one who does not survive; he is Roman Catholic and represents the only "official" moral conscience in the book. But it is a too-scrupulous conscience that does not have half the tensile-strength and sinew of Jonathan Browne's "secular" conscience. The disconcerting thing is that Percy Higgins' English Catholic morality now has all the unrelated-to-life drabness which one once found in the ministerial-uncle morality of, say, Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. At least it seems to be taken that way by people in David Lodge's book when they encounter a "religious" disposition in others.

In closing, it is again slightly appalling that several hurried—and possibly harried—"New York" professional reviewers have given *Ginger, You're Barmy* such a poor reading. They have missed, certainly, that it is a beautifully written book, and that its marvelously controlled first-person orientation lifts it out of the mere melodrama that they were no doubt expecting to read in just another book about life in the army—that lowercase universal army which, whether British or American, almost at every point challenges the right of the human being to exist as a human being.

Mostly, I think, they have missed in *Ginger, You're Barmy* a poignancy in crisis and denouement, no less, that you will be hard put to it to find anywhere in the reams of overblown nihilism which passes for fiction today.

The Last Revolution

L. J. LEBRET, O.P.

Sheed and Ward, $4.50

VICTOR C. FERKISS

The future of the underdeveloped two-thirds of the world presents a serious problem, in Pope John XXIII's words, perhaps the world's most pressing problem. Father L. J. Lebret is a serious man, a recognized expert on economic development and a peritus of the Second Vatican Council. It is thus both unfortunate and disturbing that *The Last Revolution* is not a serious book but instead superficial and at times downright irresponsible.

The Last Revolution is an example of an art form well known to Catholics of all nations. It is an extended sermon, with all the moral earnestness and conceptual vacuity of typical contemporary homiletics. That Father Lebret knows better makes this performance even more distressing.

The first part of his book is an elaboration of the well-known fact that most of humanity is poor and getting poorer, not only relatively to the developed world but in some places absolutely as well. But in telling us this (as throughout this volume) the author's writing is loose, statistics are handled cavalierly to

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impress rather than to illuminate, and unsupported and almost meaningless asides (e.g., Japanese modernization proves that India, too, can modernize successfully) abound. Nonetheless, a careful reading will turn up somewhere or other mention of all the factors which make economic development difficult in most of the world: archaic social systems and attitudes, rapid population increase, inherent lack of resources. Father Lebret does know the score.

But if Father Lebret's exposition cannot be recommended to someone seriously seeking to understand the causes of misery in the world, his discussion of what can and should be done is even less satisfactory. Leaving aside the vulgar demi-Marxist clichés which are sprinkled throughout this rhetoric, anyone who has ever sat through the standard twenty-minute exhortation on "materialism" at Sunday Mass will feel himself in familiar surroundings.

Greed (especially American greed) for inordinate riches is the primary cause of the world's misery, leading to neo-colonialist exploitation of the world's poor for the benefit of those already rich. But the poor countries will not stand this much longer. Asia is awakening and "drawing its support from historical or untapped mystical sources of strength." If the rich nations do not mend their ways they will soon be overwhelmed and enslaved by the superior numbers of the poor (just how is not made clear), a prospect one cannot help feeling seems to enthrall as well as frighten Father Lebret. Population control is no solution for this century (which is of course correct) and is immoral anyway. The way to prevent the holocaust is through repentance and reform—which consists of rejecting both capitalism and Marxism and creating a Christian and humanist world civilization in which the developed and underdeveloped nations are equal partners.

Both space limitations and the imprecision of Father Lebret's writing prevent chapter and verse analysis of the equivocal language, casual generalizations, and unspecific allusions with which *The Last Revolution* abounds. It is certainly true that much in American and other foreign aid programs can—inevitably—be criticized, that American firms investing abroad are—naturally—doing so primarily for the sake of their stockholders, and that, as a recent World Bank report notes, the underdeveloped world could probably absorb from 3 to 4 billion dollars more aid annually than is presently available, and that rich nations have a moral obligation to help those less fortunate. But, as Father Lebret himself points out, even vastly increased aid will not equalize living standards throughout the world in any foreseeable future, the problems of underdevelopment are not everywhere the same but differ from country to country and region to region, and even the developed nations have unfinished domestic business. It would, for instance, be difficult for an America going through its own population explosion and engaged in its own war on poverty to increase its aid abroad significantly without radical revision of

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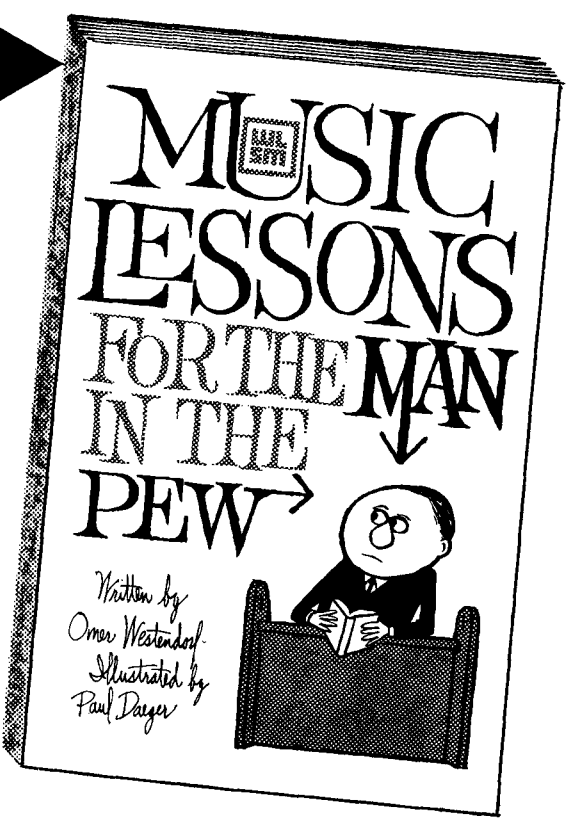

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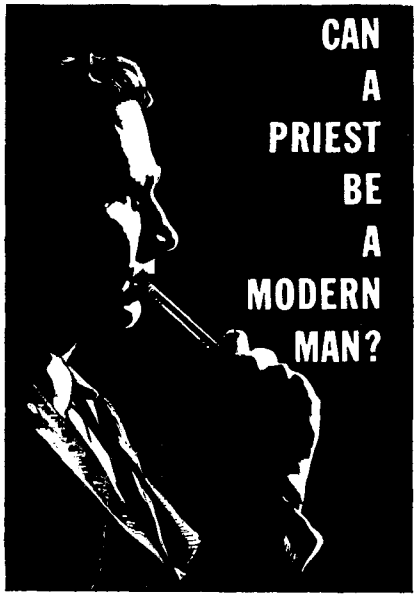

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its political and economic system.

Like the archetypical Sunday sermon, *The Last Revolution* will have the effect of disturbing consciences and creating momentary pangs of guilt, destined quickly to subside, or even to reinforce existing hardness of heart, as listeners leave their pews confused as to what it is they should be doing to set matters aright. What is needed from men like Father Lebret is not mere condemnation and exhortation but some analysis which will help the reader understand problems, priorities, and preconditions of potentially successful aid programs. He must be shown how to love his neighbor effectively. Unfortunately, Father Lebret's sermon will do as much to confuse and anger as to move men to action, and whatever subjective catharsis it may provide its author and some readers, it is a sad example of the essential frivolity of most contemporary Catholic social thought, and in many ways a disservice to the important cause its author seeks to advance.

The Maias

EÇA DE QUEIROZ

St. Martin's Press, $7.95

The Mandarin and Other Stories

EÇA DE QUEIROZ

Ohio University Press, $4

GEOFFREY WAGNER

About a decade ago a British publishing firm began issuing translations of the novels of Eça de Querioz (1843-1900). Since then, some U.S. editor would every now and then become enamored of this Lusitanian Flaubert and put out an offset or sheet-imported edition, soon forgotten. For while critics are unanimous in their praise of these delightful works, the novels do not seem to fit into either our academic curricula or polite taste; *O primo Bazilio*, one of Eça's most luminous fictions, was soon allowed to go out of print here. The neglect has been similar to that of the Mexican satirist, Mariano Azuela, and Eça himself comments on it frequently as a form of provincialism against which a provincial culture is obliged to struggle. "That's the answer to everything in Portugal," says a character in *The Maias*. "Everything is imported in this country: laws, ideas, philosophies, themes. . . ." Again, "If Eça were to write a fine book," says the hero Carlos elsewhere, "who would read it?"

Like *Bazilio*, much of *The Maias*—a rambling *roman-fleuve* of Lisbon life around the time of the Second Empire—is hung on that romantic theme par excellence, erotic disillusion. But Eça's temperament was too sunny for him to profit from the techniques inherited from the French, which demanded much more ruthless and compulsive an irony than his. Flaubert and Zola are repeatedly acknowledged in asides—in *The Maias* the hero Carlos reads *Salammbô* parodied in Eça's *A Relíquia*, goes to *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and there is even a skit of the famous Rouen love-coach, while *L'Assommoir* gets a mention in *The Mandarin*. But the French naturalists spoke of a social lost innocence, a lack of trust, via their erotic *ennui*. This is what made it viable in an era when so many social directives had failed. Eça parodies the Second Empire heroine in Maria Monforte of *The Maias*, just as he seems to spoof Huysmans in *The Mandarin* (almost exactly contemporaneous with *A Rebours*). In *The Maias* the two poles of literature of the time are personified in the two leading characters.

Yet in this sprawling, charming narrative, full of irresistible vignettes, Eça chose to incorporate far darker elements, for which his gift was unsuited—

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

JOHN RATTE *is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews to these pages.*

THOMAS P. MC DONNELL *is book editor at the Boston Pilot and the editor of* A Thomas Merton Reader (*Harcourt & Brace*).

VICTOR C. FERKISS *is a visiting associate professor of government at Georgetown.*

GEOFFREY WAGNER*'s most recent book is* The Asphalt Campus (*Macmillan*).

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notably incest, the total crime for the romantics, an anti-familial paroxysm in the era of The Great Family which proved the ultimate right of individual passion. Here it is instructive to compare him with Mann, whom he resembles in many ways—Brazilian Stefan Zweig became an Eça enthusiast. For Mann relegated the legacy of this theme to fairly pure parody, as in *The Holy Sinner* or *The Blood of the Walsungs.*

The Mandarin, a dream fantasy with incidental comments on symbolism, and other self-styled "Prosas Bárbaras" move more towards such gentle parody, with which the critic Joaquim Ferreira finds Eça supremely endowed. It is this that makes *Bazilio* such a distinguished anti-*Bovary.* Almost every element and character (down to the celebrated beggar) is accommodated by Eça out of Flaubert's masterpiece, then the entire tone reversed. The force of corruption is the citified, dandyish Bazilio (a little like Ega of *The Maias*) as against the soundly "provincial" engineer husband Jorge, who substitutes for Flaubert's Charles. Above all, Luiza—who physically resembles Emma—is a dreamer of a purer ether. In any event, both new books from the pen of this happy writer are well worth publishing, and acquiring before they go out of print.

THE PRIEST:
celibate
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PIERRE HERMAND

Pierre Hermand left the Dominican Order peacefully and received laicization because he felt so strongly that his book, *The Priest: Celibate or Married* must be published. Not sensationalism, this is a clear, honest statement why priests ought to have a choice—since the Church has always stated that celibacy is not an essential part of the priesthood. 3.75

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CORRESPONDENCE

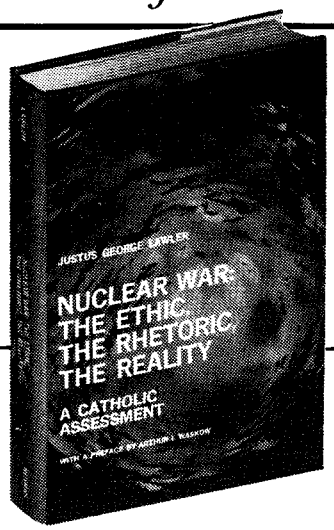
(*Continued from page 227*)

went into the opposition immediately and straightforwardly is valid only within its own frame of references. Once these facts have been established, I should think that the responsible Christian will have to ask himself questions about his faith and his religious life even more searching than either Bonhoeffer or Cox asked. Not to speak of the fact that it has become the practice in these matters to present men like Bonhoeffer and Jaegerstaetter as the representatives of the Church when in fact they were its rarest of dissenters.

The collection of some of Bonhoeffer's shorter writings, *No Rusty Sword,* which Cox adduces, contains a section, "The Aryan Clause," whose content speaks for itself.

On Jan. 15, *1934* Bonhoeffer writes to the President of Germany in the course of "the church struggle" between the "German Christians" and the Confessing Church (and let it be remembered also that the Confessing Christians were not concerned with what was happening to Jews but with the few Jews then in Germany who had converted to Protestantism): "We beseech you, your Excellency, to banish at this last hour the fearful danger that hangs over us, for the sake of the unity of the church and for the sake of the Third Reich, to which we gave a glad welcome in all our congregations and for which we intercede with all our strength." (p. 263)

*"Extremely well informed"**



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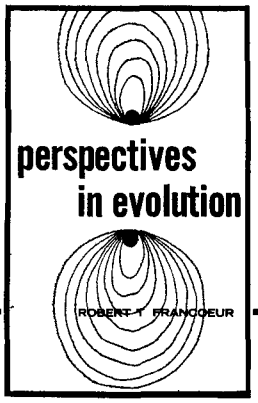

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Bonhoeffer's argument runs something like this: The state has exclusive dominion in history, not the church. "Without doubt the Jewish question is one of the historical problems which our state must deal with, and without doubt the state is justified in adopting new methods here." ("New methods"?! Bishop Otto Dibelius, Bonhoeffer's opponent in those days, used very similar language in the sermon he delivered at the installation service of Hitler in the Garrison Church in Potsdam.) The church, on the other hand, must always remind the state of the moral imperatives under which it must operate.

"The church of Christ has never lost sight of the thought that the 'chosen people,' who nailed the redeemer of the world to the cross, must bear the curse for its action through a long history of suffering. . . . But the history of the suffering of this people, loved and punished by God, stands under the sign of the final homecoming of the people of Israel to its God. And this homecoming happens in the conversion of Israel to Christ." (p. 226)

The height of the argument is the following thought, which to a Jew is really the most extraordinary conception: Nazi law means to exclude Christians of Jewish birth from church positions; this makes full church membership a matter of biology and law; to make religion a matter of biology and law is a characteristic of Judaism; therefore, the Nazis want to make the Christian church into a Judaizing sect, and Nazism and Judaism are really, at bottom, saying the same thing; this must be prevented. (Cf. pp. 229, 240, 242) I know this sounds pretty incredible to our ears, and therefore at least one such passage must be cited: "We oppose the attempt to deprive the German Evangelical church of its promise by the attempt to change it into a national church of Christians of Aryan descent. This would be to erect a racial barrier against entering the church and would make such a church itself a Jewish Christian community regulated by the Law." (p. 242)

My point is not that I want to argue, at this late stage, Bonhoeffer's complete incomprehension of Judaism and Jews, nor that a man does not have the right to be wrong. I merely wish to make clear the ambiguity of the best of Protestant Christians in a decisive hour, to set the historical record right, to stimulate whatever questions sensitive people may wish to deduce from these circumstances, and to warn against any facile, simplistic interpretation of the phenomenon of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Cox is right in reminding us of the fact that he was very German and very aristocratic. His peculiar view of Israel may be only one ramification of an Occidental background which many share with him and which has not yet been sufficiently analyzed.

STEVEN S. SCHWARZSCHILD

Nigerian Election

Woodstock, Md.

To the Editors: Your editorial comment "To the Polls" [October 29] reveals some confusion as to the significance of the recent election in Nigeria. In Nigeria one does not, first of all, speak of the "west and south." Nigeria's Western Region is part of the southern third of the nation, along with the Eastern and Mid-Western Regions. The northern two-thirds (geographically) is called the Northern Region.

Secondly, the Nigerian National Democratic Party is not a party of "conservative northerners." Only represented in the Western Regional parliament and the Western seats of the Federal House of Assembly, the NNDP was created without popular support by renegade members of the Action Group in 1962. The formation of the new party occurred when Obafemi Awolowo and other leading members of the AG were convicted and imprisoned for plotting against the Federal Government. Although intimidation and the dispensing of favors were tried, the NNDP never really gained popular support in the past three years, but it gained considerable strength in the Federal election of last December in an ill-advised boycott of the election.

The NNDP has joined in the federal coalition with the Northern Peoples'

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Congress, the party of the "conservative northerners" you refer to. If the threat of secession you mention should eventuate, however, it would be in the Eastern Region, where the AG's minority coalition-partner, the National Council of Nigerian Citizens (NCNC), still effectively dominates the local government. Such a secession, however, would probably generate fratricidal civil war, the main battle ground of which would be the unhappy West. Despite its political domination, the North cannot afford to lose the economically more endowed Eastern Region.

All these tribalistic strains stem back to precolonial days, no doubt, but they were greatly exacerbated by the "divide and conquer" techniques of the British. It is fashionable in conservative circles today to lament the demise of the colonial empires in view of the chaos that has often enough followed in their wake. Rather it would be more realistic to criticize the way imperialists played the tribes off against each other, finally weighting the balance of apportionment just before independence in favor of the most conservative, least democratic elements in the nation. Lord Lugard may be responsible for more of the present troubles of Nigeria than his shade may care to admit.

It is to be hoped that the present situation does not sow the seeds for some future tribal fascism, a theory of the Master Tribe which history has chosen to rule all the others. This may be a greater threat in Nigeria than any more leftist tendency. In Nigeria the task of building meaningful nationalism still lies before the nation. Only on such a basis can any African republic hope to contribute to the work of constructing continental unity, or the even more universal vocation of building the earth. (REV.) PATRICK J. RYAN, S.J.

"The Pope in N. Y."

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: John Leo deserves kudos for his excellent summary of ponderable significances and noteworthy details of *The Pope in New York* [Oct. 22]. Despite his uncontrollable digs at that villainous chancery crowd (a rather provincial attitude in itself), he evidently shared and definitely communicates the universal enthusiasm engendered by the memorable papal visit. Though he has already recorded elsewhere his disenchantment with Pope Paul, and even ends this fine bit of reporting and commentary with a cautionary whimper, there emerges here a bright hope that some day he might do an obituary column on the present pontiff and admit: "He really wasn't such a bad fellow after all."

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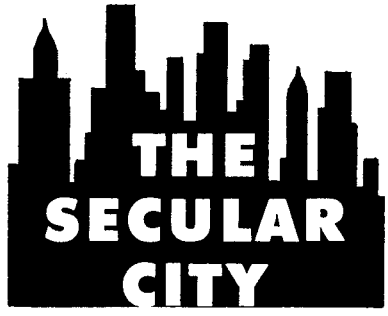

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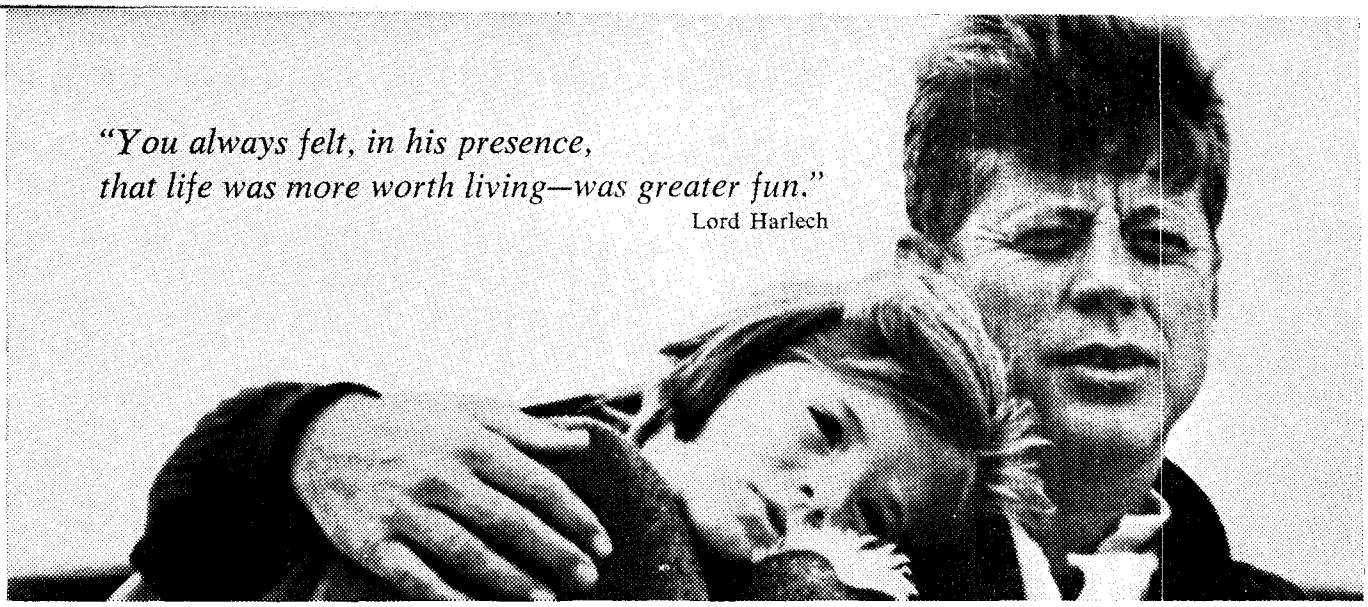

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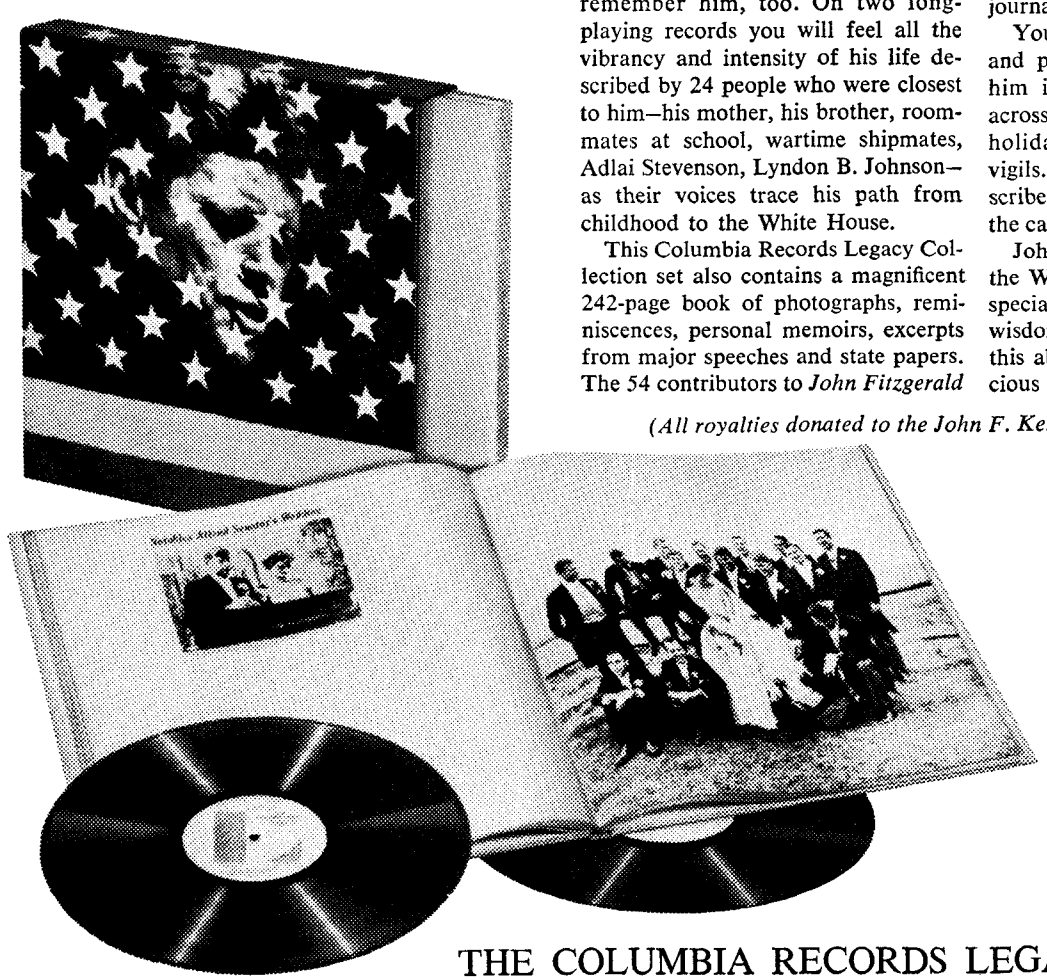

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